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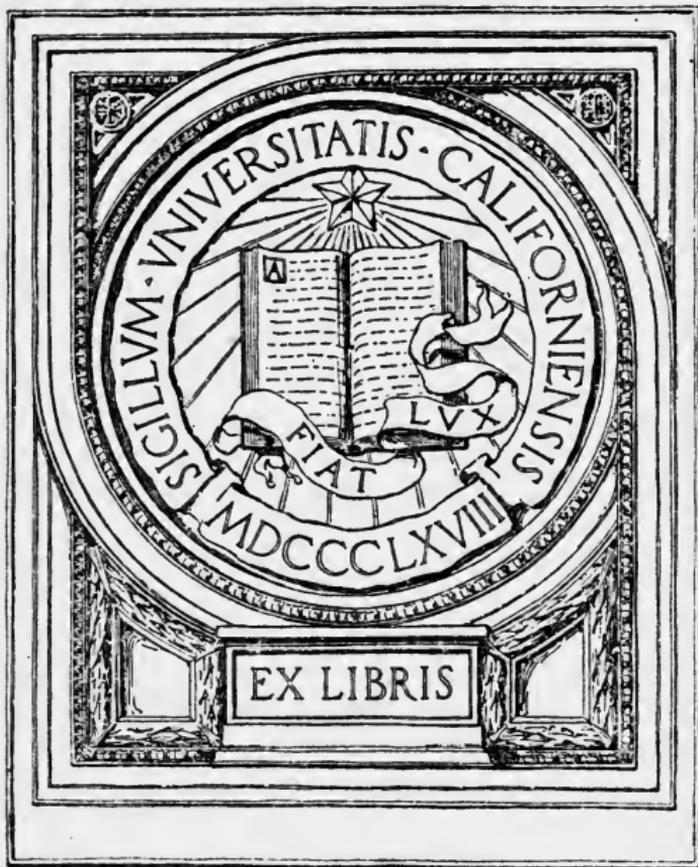
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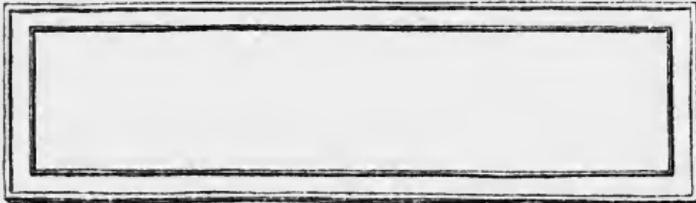
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THE  
EUROPEAN STRANGER

IN

A M E R I C A .

*(From Ohio to New York)*

BY JOHN EYRE.

— “ Many had none to give, and others gave no work to strangers. Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then, I trust, they found indeed a comforter in heaven.”

NEW YORK:

SOLD AT FOLSOM'S BOOK STORE, 40 FULTON STREET.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

1839.

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*History  
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## P R E F A C E .

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The following work was originally intended as a continuation of "The Christian Spectator—Two years in Ohio, &c.," but the writer being under the necessity of travelling to dispose of his own publications, has thought proper to publish it as a separate work. For, under such circumstances, a large work would be too burdensome to carry, and in many instances too expensive for some people who could purchase one in a smaller size. Hence he has been under an obligation to give it a different title, that he may sell the two either separately or both bound together, as may suit the ability or pleasure of the reader. The work contains a series of circumstances and reflections, written on a journey through the State of New York during the space of about four years.

But such a work has been encountered only by many difficulties. For, First, to write a work on travel without any dwelling place, must require much care—it must be executed under many inconveniences, require many sittings and great perseverance. Secondly: the number of books already in circulation, and the thousands of periodicals teeming from the press weekly, make it difficult for a person to sell a sufficient number to pay him for his labor. Many have said, "We have no money;" and others have been so pestered with papers that they have not had patience to be spoken to on the subject. Thirdly: the unprincipled practice of many who print other men's works, get subscribers at one, two or three dollars per volume, and afterwards sell them at auction at one-third or fourth part of the original price. Deceptions of this kind by many people, have not only given much dissatisfaction, but have probably, and very justly, extorted the expression, "There is too much speculation:" and at the same time, by such a dishonorable way of trading, they have greatly injured people who want a moderate remuneration for their labors. But there is no great speculation in a person's writing and selling his own works. This is a work of too much labor for most writers. In all such instances if the work is good, the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Lastly, let it be observed, (amidst the thousands of books already published,) that every work which contains the truth, is still and will always be useful. New works are wanted to put into the hands of people instead of old ones—to engage the attention of unemployed individuals who want them, or some others for amusement: and, as the salt of the earth, they are necessary to counteract the influence of many others, printed only to do evil.

New York, September 21, 1839.

THE  
EUROPEAN STRANGER IN AMERICA.

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*The dispensations of Providence towards individuals diversified.—The Publisher's obligation to travel, and departure from Ohio.—Arrival, and prints a work at Buffalo.—Resides at ——— through the winter.—To do good amidst the different professions, sects, forms of worship. &c., requires more than mortal power.—But the citizen's and stranger's call are different.*

LE ROY, March 7, 1837.

The dispensations of Providence towards individuals of the human family are, in some respects, as various as men are numerous. Hence we see some men located to one spot while others are called to sail from port to port, or from nation to nation. The European leaves his native country to sojourn in a strange land—the New England citizen sells off and emigrates to a western territory—the mechanic is employed in the curious arts of brass and other metals—the machinist is endowed with a talent of invention for transportation; and while the husbandman is cultivating his farm, and some men have their hands full of earthly blessings, others are obliged to travel by land or by water to procure, day by day, the necessaries of life.

Being under what I call a providential necessity to do something, in April, 1835, I left the western part of the country to travel to the east. In a short time I arrived at Cleveland; and finding some difficulty in getting my trunk sent after me, I was tempted to hazard my life on the lake at that early period; a period not only when the lake was rough and the weather stormy, but before the large boats had begun to run—but after an unpleasant journey, by the blessing of God, I arrived in safety at Erie. This was a hundred miles, and half way to Buffalo; and there being no passage any further for the ice, I set forward by land. I was glad to set my feet on shore in safety; and blessed be God that the boisterous winds did not send me further adrift on the mighty

waters, nor the devouring waves bury me in their unfathomable depths, as in the bottom of the sea.

After arriving at Buffalo, I hastened to get the work printed I had been improving during the winter. And after getting that completed, I canvassed the country in my way till, in summer, I arrived at Newark. At this place I wrote to Ohio for my things; and remained there and about the neighborhood during the next winter. I was at this place when the deep snow fell, about January 8, 1836, and where my things remained till about November, 1837, I removed to Syracuse. How life, as well as the season, is divided into different stages! and what a variety of scenes and troubles, unknown in the morning of our days, we are called to pass through! Some have almost an unclouded day of prosperity, but others almost an uninterrupted train of adversities and afflictions! Some are confined to one spot or village, while others are called to traverse a great part of the globe without any stationary place of abode. Some have riches but cannot enjoy them, and others have poverty, misfortunes and afflictions, which prevent them eating with pleasure.

Hence I remained at Newark the first winter after leaving Ohio; and it was probably on May 17, (1836) when I left that village to take my summer's journey: on which excursion I was gone about seventeen or eighteen weeks. And, truly, had I strength—had I also a heart disposed and a mind capable of it, I have had many opportunities of speaking a word, and leaving some mark of devotion in many a solitary place. But, alas! I have not sufficient grace to make "Jesus all the day long my joy and my song;" I have not strength and patience to endure the toils and labors of my employment. My strength is exhausted in trying to procure the common comforts of life—in creeping along through the day, and finding a recess when the shadows encircle me. Merciful God, assist me! Hast thou not promised every thing that is necessary for my wants? Didst thou not mercifully deliver thy people from oppression in the land of Egypt? And dost thou not set apart the man that is godly for thyself? Hast thou not promised that the meek shall inherit the earth, and that their bread and water shall be given them equally as well as if they were ever so solicitous or anxiously careful? O, be mindful of thy promise, and save me from oppression, anxiety and want! Blessed be thy holy name for past mercies, and for thy word of promise for future blessings, and let all the nations say—Amen.

But to do good in this age of profession, wants not only strength and patience, but more than the wisdom of Solomon,

to discover where religion is enjoyed and where it is not; and when this discovery is made, it wants more than the power of mortal man to arouse sinners and formalists out of their slumbers and stupidity! What is the state of your mind, reader? Stand still for a moment and consider—enquire and examine thyself whether thou art not dead in trespasses and sins. Look to thyself, professor, and ask, whether thou hast not a name to live while thou art dead? Do you enjoy a knowledge of salvation by the remission of your sins? Have you the full assurance of faith so that Christ is formed within you? The number of professors and members of different churches who sit in time of prayer in public worship, and others who neglect to bow their knees at rising up and going to bed, or with their head at family devotion—and the different modes of worship by so many denominations and people, who say this is a free country, and every man may do what he has a mind to, makes it difficult to tell where piety is to be found and where it is not. But can any people be pious or devoutly engaged in religious service, who refuse to kneel before the Lord their Maker? Here, perhaps, is a man who attends to family devotion, and his wife and some of his household make the same pretensions to experimental religion, and yet they sit at ease as if they were unconcerned in the matter. And considering the number who pretend to keep Saturday night as part of the Sabbath, and begin to knit or sew as soon as the sun is down on Sunday—the sect who pretend to keep the seventh day (Saturday) as the proper day for the Sabbath—the Society of Friends, who can dispense with preaching, baptism, and the sacrament—some perfectionists, who say that they have found christian liberty, can pray always, and are not under obligation to any public or private acts of devotion whatever—the new measure men, who declare that a change of purpose is conversion and regeneration—the Shakers, who make dancing a part of their public devotion—and the Universalists, to mention no more, who say that there is no place of future punishment, which gives unprincipled men boldness to work in the fields on the Sabbath, and yet pretend that they are of a religious order as well as other people—such a promiscuous mixture of good and evil, I would say, is rather confusing to many serious characters, and equally difficult to others to know how to distinguish between the precious and the vile. Opposition and diversity, in some instances, arise from the present disordered state of things, and in themselves are evil; in some others they are from God, and, under his wise control, are attended with good. In some instances, opposition arises from

the wicked purposes of designing men ; in some others, it is occasioned from that diversity in the dispensations of Providence, which renders it impossible for every man to see alike. When opposed to good, abstractly considered, in every instance it is sinful ; but when it arises from the different temperature of the minds of men, and not from the perverseness of their wills, it is frequently good in carrying on the designs of the grace and mercy of God. Thus it was that the zeal of Peter might be an excitement to some of the rest, and the calmness of John might correct the hasty zeal of the former. Luther's zeal was wanted in the reformation, and so was Melancton's calmness to heal the wounds of an intemperate zeal. Whitefield probably set Wesley an example, and led him into the field, but the caution, forbearance and steadiness of the latter, was a lasting lecture to the former. It is by a wise and gracious opposition that erroneous doctrines are detected, and unbecoming practices are restrained.

Hence the doctrine of unconditional election to eternal life, and finished damnation from the pulpit is not heard of—the wild screaming zeal of the young enthusiast, and the roaring noise of the ranter is restrained by the warm yet consistent zeal of the Father in Christ Jesus—and the drowsy lukewarm formalist is excited to love and good works by the successful exertions of others. In England, when people went into the sanctuary of the Lord, it was customary for them to kneel down and use a short but silent prayer, but many people of the same denomination in this country make no practice of such a duty, and many seats are so constructed that others are prohibited for want of room. Gracious God, teach me what is essential to know how to act in different places, and how to live among all kinds of people ; how to behave myself in thy sanctuary, and how to live as I should do when abroad in the world. Give me that self-government which shall keep me from going beyond my strength in one thing as to neglect others. And so assist me by thy Holy Spirit, that while I converse with my fellow creatures, my conduct may teach them thy precepts, and my words, seasoned with grace, drop as precious seed into their hearts, which shall bring forth fruit to perfection.

To labor to a good purpose requires both wisdom and strength, and to do a perfect work requires a perfect hand ; but I have not strength like other men, and such are my infirmities that no man knows my errors. My health is not good : and I am often led to reflect on my peculiar situation. I suppose it is — years ago since a fever so affected my sto-

mach, and at length so debilitated my whole system, that I have not had a day's health from that time. It is true I have greatly out-grown it, and I am tolerably well in my way. The fever that settled upon me, continued to burn both day and night for months and years, till, in a measure, it burnt out; but it has enfeebled my frame, and deprived me of strength like other men. Hence I am like an invalid, destitute of a home and separate from all company. I travel into the woods and country, and have my lodging among strangers. It is true that many people in this country are much more kind and friendly to foreigners than they are in England; but to have no stationary place in my affliction—no regular place to lay my head at night or rest at noon, is not pleasant. O, my Saviour, give me thy yoke, which is easy, and thy burden, which is light. Pardon my remissness in time past and enable me now to live. Help me to gird up the loins of my mind, and hope unto the end—to arise out of the dust, and go forward without a murmur and without complaint. Empower me to teach some to walk in a perfect way, and to say to others, “Be ye followers of me as I follow Christ.” Is the Lord's hand shortened that it cannot save, or His ear heavy that it cannot hear? Is there any thing too hard for the Lord—any thing impossible with God? Cannot the Lord do a great work in a little time? He can. I will therefore say,

“Open my faith's interior eye;  
 Display thy glory from above;  
 And all I am shall sink and die,  
 Lost in astonishment and love.

Confound, o'er power me by thy grace;  
 I would be by myself abhorr'd;  
 All might, all majesty, all praise,  
 All glory be to Christ my Lord!

Now let me gain perfection's height;  
 Now let me into nothing fall;  
 As less than nothing in thy sight,  
 And feel that Christ is all in all.”

But have I not been erroneous in my reflections? It is sometimes said, “Every man to his trade;” and hence is it not absurd to suppose that I can do the work of an evangelist, or that I have the responsibility of a citizen? Is not this mistaking my providential call? I am a stranger in the strictest sense of the word. First, by being a foreigner in the country, and, Secondly, by being perpetually on a journey from place to place. And is there not a difference

between the call and duty of a citizen and that of a stranger? "I was a stranger," said our Lord, "and ye took me not in;" but did He charge the poor, harmless stranger with neglect for not taking the citizen in? The citizen is blest with a local situation, the stranger has no place of his own. The former has property or a permanent home; he is a man of influence, and has children, servants or workmen under him, but the latter has no name in the streets—no hiding place from the storm—no power to defend himself—his word is not heard. We may make a contrast between them by comparing them to two men coming over the ocean as the captain and mate; supposing the former to keep his standing and the other to have fallen overboard. Hence the captain has a permanent standing—can look out for the storm—he can give timely directions to his men on its approach—walk the deck for the sake of contemplation—retire into a corner and pray to Him who commandeth the winds and the sea to obey his voice; but the mate, poor fellow, is exposed to the violence of the waves, where the most he can do is to keep his head above water. Such is his situation that he has no time like the other for reading, contemplation or prayer, but like Lazarus at the gate, while the rich man fares sumptuously every day, he is obliged to submit to the humbling dispensation of Providence for a few fragments to keep him alive. Under such oppressive afflictions, Job, the perfect man, lost his patience, and uttered things that he understood not. And it is not surprising if the stranger through weariness should grow peevish and incur the displeasure of the uncharitable, by not shewing himself proof against all that may assail him. Contrasting, therefore, the difference between the citizen and the stranger, and the respective spheres of action which they are called to move in, we may conclude by saying, that while the citizen is authorised and capacitated to govern others, the perfection of the latter consists in patiently enduring under his difficulties and governing himself.

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The following lines, written (according to report) by a young lady in England, who was turned out of home for embracing religion, I give to the reader:

" Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee ;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heav'n are all my own.

Let the world despise and leave me—  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hopes and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art not like them, untrue !  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, power and might,  
 Friends may hate and foes may scorn me,  
 Show thy face and all is right.

Go then, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come, disaster, shame and pain,  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favor loss is gain.  
 I have call'd Thee, Abba Father,  
 I have set my heart on thee ;  
 Storms may howl and clouds may gather—  
 All must work for good to me.

Men may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast—  
 Life with sorrows hard oppress me,  
 Heaven shall bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me  
 While thy love is left to me ;  
 O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

Soul, then know thy great salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
 Think what heavenly bliss is thine,  
 Think thy Saviour died to win thee—  
 Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer,  
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there ;  
 Soon shall end thine earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## No. II.

*Occasional journeys in summer, pleasant, &c.—Difficulties of travelling in winter.—Uncertainty of human friendship exemplified in the family of Mr. \*\*\*\*\*.—Reflections, &c.*

An occasional journey to see a friend in the summer is pleasant, but when it is perpetuated for months together on business, it becomes wearisome ; and, if I am under an obligation to travel to gain the comforts of life, the grand point is how to accommodate myself with ease and satisfaction as if I was at home—"sweet home"—and how, as a Christian, I can enjoy the same tranquillity and abstractedness of mind as if I were stationary and sat in a study of my own. It is true my way of travelling is different to many others, but a grasshopper is a burden to some people. In travelling there are some pleasures to be enjoyed, and some hardships to be endured. In such a capacity a person may see the country and different parts of the world—nature when dressed in all her beauty—romantic and pleasing landscapes—seas, lakes, rivers, ports, cities, and a variety of scenery. In summer, upon the whole, it may be tolerable, but in winter there are many storms, both by sea and land.

Travelling on foot in winter is grievous ; and last winter, perhaps, was the severest known in this part of the country for many years. This has been much acknowledged. About January the 8th, (1836) the snow fell probably four or five feet upon an average, and laid till April. This injured the wheat ; and corn being damaged by much rain in the spring, provisions of all kinds grew very dear. Arriving at the village about that time, I fortunately went into the house of Mr. and Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*, who let me remain a few weeks during the stormy wind and tempest. Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* behaved as the kindest of friends, and seemed to possess both an understanding and sympathy suited to my wants. She behaved like a mother or a friend in the time of need—a sister born for adversity, or a person possessed of the charity which seeketh not its own but a stranger's good. The peculiar circumstances which she previously passed through, had prepared her mind for the reception of my book, and which she read apparently with considerable pleasure.

For grief, unmix'd with joy, had pained her soul.

This publication led her to respect me, and to treat me with kindness. She put confidence in me ; spoke of me in the kindest terms, and proclaimed the grateful sentiments of her

heart, as if she was not worthy —. This kindness continued for weeks, and, as a family, we lived together in great harmony; but, alas! charity grew cold, good will well nigh hid herself from me, and Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*, in the character of a warm friend, scarcely knew me any more. This may be tolerably well understood, if I can indite it with sufficient clearness in the following statement:

At the end of four weeks we settled accounts for my board and for what she had had of me; and, during that time, she had generously taken more things of me than what my board came to; and what she took she took honorably, or in a manner that became a friend indeed: that is to say, she took them at my price, without trying to beat me down below what I could afford them at. How pleasant is such behavior in a time of difficulty, and how consoling is sympathy in a day of adversity! She kept no account on her part, but, as I understood her, left all to me; and truly, as a family, we lived in such mutual accordance as I had scarcely found in the country. Though not united at that time with any religious society, yet they kept up family devotion. Mr. \*\*\*\*\* and sometimes Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* alternately engaged in family prayer. I trust in my turn I sympathised with them when contemplating their previous trials, (whether innocent or not so) in the manner they had been used by others. They were not in opulent circumstances, nor well prepared to take in a boarder; and, hence, after settling accounts as above mentioned, I asked what I should give them and find my own provisions, according to our custom in England. Mr. \*\*\*\*\* left it to Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*; and she, according to her wonted kindness, asked me what I would give her. I told her; and after a short pause she accepted it, and was quite contented. The sum I offered was four shillings per week; and there was not one syllable or one look which shew any hesitation or dissatisfaction. This went on for weeks, and we lived in great peace; but sometimes our dearest friends disappear, and sometimes the calmest evening is succeeded by a stormy day.

About five weeks after our ballance, and after, as it were, I had cast my account away, she would have a settling from the beginning. She pretended that her husband was not satisfied with what I paid—that my settling with her stood for nothing, and hence she wanted to charge me eight shillings instead of four shillings per week, which we had agreed for. At the time we settled, as above mentioned, they spake of three weeks, but I told them it was four; and this, at that time, was not only easily recollected but gave perfect satis-

faction, nor did I suspect any thing to the contrary for a long time afterwards. But at this time, about five weeks from our settling, she not only wanted to charge me eight shillings per week instead of four, but wanted to fix the time of my coming two weeks sooner than what we had settled for. At length, after debating and reasoning the matter over, Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* pretended that she had found her account; but this made the matter no better at all; for if she kept no account, but trusted to mine when we settled, and appeared well satisfied for such a length of time, was it possible to find one five weeks afterwards? Alas! alas! that peace should be so injudiciously destroyed on such an occasion! How difficult a thing it is to live at peace with some people. I was very sorry, inasmuch as they had behaved with such kindness, and on which account I knew no people in the place whom I esteemed with the same gratitude, good will and affection. But such is human nature, and such is the confidence we can place in mortals. She pretended that Mr. \*\*\*\*\* had made some objections since our agreement; so that was sufficient it seems to charge me double to what she agreed to, whether I understood any thing about it or not, and with what she had been authorised to contract for, and had been so well satisfied. Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* seemed as if she could detain my things for payment, but, on mentioning the difficulty to a justice in the village, I found it otherwise: nor did all people think them just in their demands on one hand, or conceive any prejudice against me on the other. At length, however, I told Mr. \*\*\*\*\* that I would give him ten shillings more than I had agreed to if he was not satisfied, providing he would give me a receipt, which he immediately consented to; and when Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* knew this she was silenced, and, as it were, said no more.

Reflecting upon this circumstance, I shall, First, notice the uncertainty of human friendship; Secondly, observe that some people, through the circumstances they are under, must necessarily suffer wrong; and, Thirdly, caution the reader against imposing upon such characters.

First: How inconsistent are mortals, and how uncertain is human friendship! A person may shew himself warm and affectionate to-day, but to-morrow, perhaps, he is not to be found, or in a little time afterwards, in that character or relationship, he knows me no more. Self interest, which may be awakened by some new project or some new object, presents itself and dissolves that warmth of affection which manifested itself so conspicuously. Want of success in business soon raises suspicion in the man of the world, and he

considers the man unworthy of his friendship who does not prosper like himself, but if he can do independent of his help he is ready to lend his assistance. Affliction turns the most healthy and beautiful persons into loathsome objects, and causes one friend to desert another. Death separates the most intimate friends, and in one day sometimes dissolves the closest and most sacred union. *Mortals cannot always manifest it.* A king sometimes is obliged to flee for refuge; a merchant is arrested, and a tradesman, through sickness, is incapable of business. One prejudices the mind of my best friend, or another raises a slander against me. A failure in business or embracing religion frequently separates those who were formerly united by the cords of friendship.

Secondly: Some men must necessarily suffer wrong from the fact that they do not stand upon equal ground to defend themselves. This may be easily seen by observing the various dispensations and distribution of the gifts of Providence. Want of health, strength, intellect, and worldly prosperity expose some people to abuse from the slanderer. The man seeking a home in a new country as opposed to the native or wealthy citizen—the poor in any nation as contra-distinguished from the rich—the want of knowledge and judgment, where even riches are not wanting, will frequently expose men to imposition. Self interested men who fear not God, will generally take advantage rather than suffer. Hence a powerful prince, with a large navy of ships and strong forces on land, will too often intrude upon the rights of a weak nation. An unjust judge will give judgment in favor of the oppressor. Masters will deprive their servants of what is right; and the most powerful animals will seize upon and devour smaller ones! It was said of David, that “the enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the son of wickedness afflict him,” Psalm lxxxix, 22v.; by which promise made unto him from Jehovah, I understand that he should be a man of such muscular strength and firmness of mind, and so protected by the providence of God, that he could deal with all men either to advantage or without imposition. And hence, as a prince, a farmer, a tradesman, or a military character, he would be so judicious and cautious on his part in all his motions, so firm and resolute in his purposes, and so protected by providence, that all he engaged in should finally prosper. But not so with some people; not so with the poor, who are obliged to crouch down under the heavy hand of extreme poverty. No: poverty, affliction, a frowning providence, and the peculiar circumstances some are brought into, lay them open to insult and abuse from every idle spectator. A man of influ-

ence and strong mind will probably accuse another less guilty than himself, and carry his point against him, contrary to either charity or justice. But when he has done this, sin lieth at the door, which, in its proper time, shall not be forgotten; and hence we see that all things are not just, and also that all people cannot defend themselves. This brings me,

Thirdly: To caution the reader against imposing upon such characters. Although some men, because of transgression, are afflicted, and others are visited through life for their sins, as David, yet it is not so with every one; and even where this is the case, God forbids us to take vengeance. There are many temporal evils from the hand of God, who is jealous of his honor, and sometimes visits a proud and rebellious people to the third and fourth generation; but he commands us as probationers to shew mercy, and declares, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord:" Rom. xii. 19. Besides, God not only visits for transgression, but afflicts in mercy, as in the case of Job. He afflicts to humble and purify—to exalt and glorify; and his anger was kindled against Job's three friends for not speaking what was right, or for judging him unrighteously. God is the creator of the poor, and has blest them in that estate; and where people injure or oppress the defenceless, the fatherless, the afflicted, or the stranger, He marks their iniquity in a more awful manner. He threatened to put out the name of Amelek from under heaven, and to have war with him from generation to generation: Exodus, xvii. 14. And to Esau it is thus written, "For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off for ever:" Oba., 10 ver. Solomon says, "Remove not the old land-mark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless, for their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee." Jeremiah also declares that "their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is his name; he shall thoroughly plead their cause, &c." Prov. xxiii. 10 ver., Jer. L. 33 ver.

Wherefore be admonished, reader! Are you a man of wealth?—blest with a home and a permanent business? If so, "who made thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" 1st Cor. iv. 7. Do you say that you got all by your own strength, sobriety and industry? If so, who gave you your abilities? And if it was by your own strength, how was it that you did not get ten times more? Your ambition would have done it had it been in your power. Now if you could not get as much as he who in the same time accumulated twice or thrice as much

as yourself, it is probable that some people had not means of obtaining one-third, and others not one-tenth part of what you possess, and your efforts and wishes might have been equally fruitless. Do you boast of the wealth of your family and ancestors? Alas! two generations back your family was not known, perhaps, among the opulent. Are you a rich store-keeper—a large trading merchant? Your predecessors it is likely began in the world by carrying their merchandise from door to door. I do not want \*\*\*\*\* here, in effect, said Madam S——, I can buy much cheaper at the store, &c., although her husband began poor, and (according to report) failed in his payments to the amount of several thousand dollars. “I wish there were no people allowed to travel,” said the store-keeper. “If I want anything,” say others, “I always go to the store. I never purchase any thing at the door, &c., &c.” Now what is all this but to deprive people in low circumstances of their right, and as unjust as it would be to deprive you of trading at all, unless you could purchase goods to an amount far beyond your capital till you could find money to begin in a store? And what is it less than to say, I am of too much importance to stoop so low as to purchase any thing at the door, although the property I am living on was accumulated by such a beginning! Beware, therefore, that you do not rob others of their right, but rather learn that lesson which teaches, “as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

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### No. III.

*Journey to Canada, &c.—But every place has its advantages and disadvantages.—A speedy return to the States.—Temptations and wickedness connected with the best occupations.—Reflections.*

Previous to taking a final departure from the village where Mr. and Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* resided, in autumn (1836) I went over Lake Ontario to Canada; supposing that if ever I returned to England, I should like first to go over to the British dominions on this side the water, that I might have an opportunity of judging for myself which of the two nations I should like in America in preference to the other. My intention was to have remained there through the winter, but, First, the custom house officer charged me something considerable

for my publications, which I had not fully anticipated, and afterwards told me, that if any person complained of me he should inform against me for selling them, although an attorney in England could not assure me that the law was against it. The act not specifying books, and, therefore, not clearly deciding upon that subject, he said the matter would be whether the court would denominate books among those wares and manufactures which, as their own productions, people were allowed to sell. Secondly : after seeing a little of the country which did not seem so well settled ; being among many of my own country people whose county dialects, after being in the States, I did not like ; and finding the country not so advantageously laid out for a person in my capacity, I soon came to the conclusion of returning back. Hence I was not much taken up with Canada ; for although there seemed as much or more cash in circulation, yet the people in Toronto, so many of them from England and Ireland, were poor, and strangers in a foreign land, that it did not answer my purpose to remain among them. The country does not settle so rapidly ; appear in so flourishing a state, nor the inhabitants in general so humane and kind, perhaps, as the people in the United States. But thus much does not prove that it has not equal advantages ; nor does the rapid increase in the States prove its national excellence or superior virtue. An individual, a family, or a nation, however unworthy, may prosper for a time, but it is by righteousness and the blessing of heaven only that a nation is permanently established and finally exalted. May God give repentance for what has been transacted amiss on either side, and dispose them to rectify every error. And as far as they are worthy, may they be judges among the nations to the confusion of tyrants, but a praise to them who do well. I was, however, glad to see divine service performed exactly the same at chapel as in England, and I should like to see it uniform all the world over. The setting out the hymns—the singing—the preaching, and the whole process, was carried through as among the same denominations in that country ; but in which nation (that is Canada or the States) there was the most spiritual life and religious devotion, I cannot determine. I admire the zeal of that man who lives (rather than talks) great things ; and I hope equally to despise the zeal which, in the sight of heaven, has a name only to live while dead. It is my duty to leave that to Him who is infinite in wisdom, and whose prerogative only it is to judge—who looketh not merely on the outward appearance, but who searcheth the hearts of the children of men.

But how true it is that every place has its advantages and disadvantages—that if we obtain one thing we either lack or lose another; and that there is no place of perfect happiness on earth, but as we find it in resignation to the will of God. So it is here. In Canada there are some things I like, and some others which I dislike in the States; and yet so far as I have seen of them, I prefer the latter to the former—nay, in some respects the people in the States are dear to me. A man may have the most delightful situation in the empire, and yet the pure spring of water that runs by the poor man's shantee may be lacking. Another may possess great riches, like Abraham, and yet have no heir—"My only son and only child," said the bereaved woman, "about eighteen years of age, went out and was drowned." A Lazarus may endure almost the want of all things, and yet his poverty may be necessary to bring him to a better inheritance than that of the rich man. It was an eligible situation almost as any I have seen in America, and fit for a squire's residence in Europe, and yet said the amiable woman, I have no money. "How is it," I asked, "that you have no money?" "My husband," she replied, "is such a man for business, and he went and purchased *another farm*, and now he is giving (to the best of my recollection) twenty-five per cent for borrowed money; and yet I think he is a good man." "And Deacon such a one is letting out his money at — per cent." This was the year probably when the Banks in the whole State had suspended cash payment—at which time many let out their money at three or four per cent per month, which made from thirty-six to forty-eight per cent per annum. So this amiable woman, of a delicate texture, genteelly brought up, and living in a beautiful habitation, was spinning like other hard working and poor women, till she, her husband and estate could get clear of debt. And many others, through pretended necessity or from absolute covetousness, made themselves such extortioners as to let out money, perhaps, at five times more than the lawful interest.

From Canada I hastened back to the States; and being in that part of the country, I made an opportunity to go and see, what is spoken of as one of the greatest wonders of the world, "*Niagara Falls*." From this place, for the first time, I took the steam car on the rail road for Buffalo. (Smart travelling this!) At the latter place I got my book printed, entitled "*The Beauties of America*;" but before this could be accomplished, through the straits and difficulties of being carried from one country to another, with some other things, my mind was considerably exercised with trials. It is true

I have but little patience or strength ; but admitting this assertion as truth, it is also true that the printer engaged to get it out in such a time, and Mr. \*\*\*\*\* spake of doing it well, but at the end of that time he had made but a poor beginning rather than a good end, and when it was done, it was a great deal worse than either of the former ones. In this office there was a youth, who had had so little experience in setting up, that his labor was of small value ; and he was so full of nonsense, impudence and profaneness, that but few perhaps exceeded him in wickedness. The man at the press was but little better : he also was too full of profaneness, vulgarity, and ill manners. I had been at this printing office before, and had heard language that would not be proper to commit to writing. Alas ! alas ! that men in so many instances should abuse their liberty by drinking down iniquity like water. And what would the world think if they knew all the profane expressions uttered in a printing office ? A place which, as it were, is the source of all our moral and religious instruction—a fountain from which proceeds the moral light and good that is seen in the world—or rather a channel through which we are supplied with all the political, scientific, and religious knowledge enjoyed and possessed by the wisest of men. Who would believe that among people of education, as men in such a respectable business there should be some, who let themselves down to a level with the most depraved sailors, dray men, scavengers, navigators, Billingsgate men, and the very vilest of people in their language and conversation ?

People might suppose that to put a boy to such a trade, would be one of the most innocent, useful, and best occupations in the world. But is it so ? Alas ! what a variety of temptations he is exposed to, and what an amount of iniquity he is liable to commit. For, in the first place, as evil communications corrupt good manners, so evil company and pernicious publications have a rapid tendency to perfect men in infidelity. And where men are disposed to evil already, and are proceeding to greater lengths of iniquity daily, to place them in a situation where play bills are printed, immoral newspapers are exchanged, and where some of such a company will get almost every evil work that is published, is the way to perfect what is lacking in them. Secondly : a person in that business may be tempted to print any thing for money, because it is his trade, or he may publish almost any book, however pernicious, because it will sell. In such a capacity he may be instrumental in instructing a whole empire, or he may use his influence in corrupting millions. In

a word, he may do a deal towards making bad men worse, till they have filled up the measure of their iniquities and are ripe for destruction.

Hence, by travelling and having something to do with men and books, I have been reflecting how good and evil are in alliance with each other, and the iniquity there may be in the best of occupations. One man may be under the necessity of writing to procure the necessaries of life—he may do this virtuously, and to the edification of others: another may write what is useless at best, and to accumulate wealth. And although honest labor is both a duty and commendable, yet a man, perhaps, is under the necessity of working on the theatre instead of a dwelling house—an apprentice is obliged to infringe upon the Sabbath by working till two o'clock in the morning or disobey his master—the woman of modest apparel, to work in superfluities of gaudy attire, as ruffles, flowers, &c., instead of what she would wish to recommend both by precept and example. One of the most honorable and useful occupations in the world is that of a physician, yet he frequently charges an enormous price and renders no benefit. In general people expect the value in goods for their money, and the laborer to fulfil his stipulated amount of labor for his wages, but a physician charges whether he renders any good or not. And where is the truth in advertising medicines as infallible cures in all cases, and which will procure long life to all who will persevere in taking them? Are not such people traders in falsehood, and possess an insatiable thirst for riches rather than that they speak infallible truths? And do not the proprietors of those medicines aim at enriching themselves and laying up riches as the dust of the earth, rather than do all they should to benefit others? Yet such is the iniquity of some people in the most honorable occupations in life; the temptations they are surrounded with, and the evil practices they are liable to run into.

## No. IV.

*Difficulties of letting out money exemplified, in a case between Camberwell and Emerton.—Unforseen difficulties arose without any original intention to do wrong, and the case mentioned as a caution to others.—Circumstances of the case, form of the note, &c.—Emerton speaks to Mr. Landsman, and hears that Mr. Camberwell had put his property out of his hands, &c.—Afterwards requests Mr. Firm-friend's assistance.—A trial appointed, &c.—An exhortation to be cautious.*

Some time ago I was obliged to witness the following circumstance, which more or less demonstrates the truth of some foregoing remarks; and although it may be more or less foreign to my subject, yet I hope the reader will excuse it and pardon the digression. Let him also, especially if he is poor, beware of men! For is there any virtue in letting another take thy bed from under thee? Nay, should we put too much confidence in princes? There were three persons originally concerned in the matter, and whom I shall take leave to speak of under the names of Camberwell, Morehonor and Emerton. Camberwell and Emerton were from Europe, but Morehonor was an American. They were all members of the same religious society: the two latter probably had been in the connexion for many years, and the former seemed possessed of considerable property, and suspected of no evil. Camberwell talked of having a house and lot, free of debt, worth two thousand dollars; spake of having money to collect for religious purposes, and that he and Morehonor would give Emerton their joint note for some. Under these circumstances, Emerton let Camberwell a small sum of money, and Morehonor endorsed the note given by Camberwell.

From what Mr. Camberwell had said, Emerton thought that the money was to meet some payments arising from expenses contracted in a religious institution, and that both were equally responsible, but he afterwards found that it was exclusively for his own use—only Mr. Morehonor endorsed his note: and had it not been for shutting up the banks and the embarrassment occasioned thereby, he would probably have paid the money without any difficulty. Hence the affair is not mentioned to charge him with any original intention to do wrong, but rather as a caution to others in future; and if any wrong was committed, arising out of unforeseen events, let Camberwell and Emerton have the blame

due to them and acknowledge their faults, but let Morehonor, who was not to blame, have the praise, and be true to his own principles, like the just man who "swareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

Hence let it be observed that the money was let and the note given under the following circumstances: Emerton was not only a person who was poor, but he knew nothing about defending himself by law, how to guard against the wise men of this world or men of business. Depending, therefore, upon Camberwell as a professor of religion and an honorable man, and placing more confidence probably upon Morehonor, who appeared like the most venerable professor in that populous city, he did not suspect any danger. Emerton being acquainted with these gentlemen, he asked Camberwell what he would give him for a sum of money for a short time, and the latter (fixing his own price) offered him three per cent. per month, which was a great deal above the legal sum; the lawful interest being no more than seven per cent. per annum. The time was for three months; and whatever Emerton might or might not know about usury, he probably did not know that there was any law which would absolutely endanger the security, and, besides, he did not expect that these men on any account would deceive him by being unfaithful to their own proposal. Hence he might suppose that he could innocently take the note for security, and refuse taking the money, if wrong, upon further reflection, although Camberwell had offered it himself, and Morehonor had endorsed his note as security for payment. The note was written nearly as follows: "At three months after date, for value received, I promise to pay to — — dollars," which sum included the interest; so that no person from the note could discover the amount of interest upon it. Emerton having no knowledge about letting out money, Camberwell told him it was a real business note. During the time specified, Emerton made a purchase in the country, and had to go forty miles to fetch it; but when demanded, Camberwell said that he could not pay it. At length Emerton said that he could not go back without it, and told Camberwell that he must consult some friend on the occasion; but he objected having his credit in that way suspected; and after he had mentioned it to a justice of the peace in the same society, C—— accused him of going round the neighborhood and talking about him. In a short time afterwards he, in effect, said, "I will now pay him just when I please or think proper." Immediately after repeating these words he left the room, without giving any further opportunity to converse with him about it. So

Emerton's money was gone; and having paid part of the price for the purchase above mentioned, still in the seller's possession, (who went and laid an attachment on it for fear of consequences,) he could neither get this money back nor recover the other.

At the city, where these three men lived, there were two chapels and their respective ministers. Camberwell and Morehonor went to hear Mr. Landsman, as I shall call him, and Emerton heard Mr. Firmfriend, so named. And after Camberwell had left the room, as before stated, Emerton talked with their minister upon the subject under consideration. From him he heard that Camberwell had put his property out of his hands; and he spake, moreover, as if he was going to leave the city to avoid being sued at the law. He also talked with Morehonor, who informed him that Camberwell had said that he probably could pay the money in about six weeks. Hence he advised him to wait. But were these testimonies, so far in exact accordance with each other? At the end of that time Camberwell said that it was about a fortnight sooner than he had proposed. At the fortnight's end he said that he was waiting for a person's return from the west, and wanted Emerton to wait a week for his arrival. At the end of this week, Camberwell seemed to disengage himself from all obligation whatever, and would not come to any compromise to pay it by any other means, as giving his note for labor, goods, board, or any thing else; nor would he consent to give Emerton a new note that was legally drawn up, but said that the old one was good, if the other would wait for a while till he could pay it. Such was the difficulty this man brought himself into through this circumstance, and such would have been the trouble had he listened to him any further, that if ever he obtained it, yet it would have been by more trouble and expense probably than the money was worth. Hence upon reviewing it thus far, and tracing it through all its windings in this simple manner, the reader may judge for himself whether Camberwell could be depended upon any further when brought to this crisis! It had passed on nearly three months over the stipulated time of payment already, and one or two persons had found out that the interest, being above the legal sum, could prevent its being obtained by law: and what made it more hopeless still, was that Morehonor was released from his bond on account of its being payable at the bank, and Emerton being in the country at the time, and suspecting no danger, did not demand it. Under such circumstances, let me ask the reader whether there was not some danger of Emerton's losing his hard earned money?

After Emerton had had all this trouble, he went to his minister, (Mr. Firmfriend) renounced all unlawful interest, and requested his assistance; and the minister, like the good Samaritan, took hold of it, pleaded his cause, and handled it in such a manner that, although he could not get the money paid immediately, through the scarceness of cash, yet he got a legal and new note, in which Camberwell and Morehonor bound themselves jointly and separately to pay the money, with lawful interest, at a time specified. This was an honor to the minister, and it was likewise an honor to the latter venerable character, who, after being disengaged from his obligation, would pledge himself conjointly or separately rather than Emerton should lose the money. "He sweareth," saith David, "to his own hurt, and changeth not."

In order to settle this affair in an amicable manner, they had a trial, at which two ministers and the parties met together: and although Emerton at first might be inadvertently led into this difficulty through not understanding what usury was, or through temptation from his own poverty—although he had informed them that he would have no unlawful interest, notwithstanding it was offered by Camberwell without his asking it—although Mrs. Landsman, their minister's wife, had said that her husband had been obliged to give a hundred for four or five hundred dollars for the year—that the money was worth that interest, and there was scarcely a citizen there but had done it—and although the justice above mentioned had said that Camberwell must pay the money or leave that religious body of people, yet it seemed that he had been tempted to plead his cause; and in so doing at the trial, he pretended to deny that Camberwell owed the money. This seemed strange: and however excusable it might be in a public court of justice, it did not look well here. But Mr. Firmfriend was not to be moved—who soon beat them out of all their vain subterfuges. Whatever men in a civil court of justice might do and be blameless, I do not see how religious men could deny such a thing, or refuse to pay the money, without acting contrary to truth and justice. It is, however, just to observe that it was ceasing to pay cash at the banks, and the general embarrassment occasioned thereby, that at first, probably, prevented Camberwell from paying the money; yet, when he could not, he ought to have given legal security, and not have taken any advantage through what he purposed himself.

In giving you this account, reader, I hope, First, it will be a caution (especially if you are poor,) against letting money

go out of your hands without good security, and that it will prevent your ever letting it out upon usury or unlawful interest. You may let it out at five per cent. per annum in England, or seven per cent. per annum in America, but no more. This is not, but more is unlawful. Why should you let another take your bed from under you? The law cannot defend you at an unlawful interest. And if you are poor, would you gain money by dishonest means? Another thing, reader, wants guarding against, and which has well nigh ruined many—namely: signing notes, and thereby becoming surety for others. Let one instance, out of many, suffice: “My husband and I began poor,” said a woman, to the best of my recollection, “and we had improved our land to the amount of about five thousand dollars, when my husband signed for a man, which took away our land, and left us nearly five hundred dollars in debt.” And many, very many, people in America have more or less been taken in in the same manner.

Secondly: I hope it will be a means of preventing rich men from offering an unjust reward for money, and taking advantage of them through its illegality afterwards. Such an action appears both mean and cowardly, as well as unjust and cruel.

Thirdly: it may be an intimation of the scarceness of cash—a scarceness that involved many, and made it almost as difficult to obtain a few dollars in America as it was to find a few guineas in England some years ago.

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## No. V.

*Some Letters to Europe from America have been too flattering.—Hence an instance of distress is related in the case of an English gentleman and his wife, a West India lady, who found a friend indeed in an American lady, &c.—Nevertheless, circumstances like these probably have not been very common, &c.—It is further remarked that poverty is not exclusively confined to foreigners.*

Some people have written as if no person could want scarcely any thing that is good in America, but there are some exceptions. Let the following account, taken from a New York paper, suffice as a specimen. These people for want of health, property, trade, or means to procure the com-

forts of life, at length were brought into the deepest distress. The account is as follows :

“Do you give out work here?” said a voice, so soft, so low, so lady-like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth-day gift from his dear papa.

“Do you give out work here?”

“Not to strangers,” was the rude reply. The stranger turned and walked away. “That purse is very cheap, ma’m.” “I do not want it now,” said I, as taking up my parasol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson’s, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and went out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on the forehead—her eyes, too, were very black; and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Greenwich street, where she entered a miserable-looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow further? She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and, oh! how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking woman.

“Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?” I enquired. “I guess not,” was the reply; “there is a woman up stairs who used to work, but she can’t get any more to do, and I shall turn her out to-morrow.” “Let me go up,” said I, as passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs. “You can keep on up to the garret,” she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight, of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor, low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—breathed not—she seemed motionless—her face covered in the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit—and the pale hand clenched the bed clothes—words broke from his lips—“I cannot pay him now,” I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long hair, and looked mildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony; sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were before me. “I came to look for a person to do plain work” was all I could say.

“O, give it me,” she sobbed; “two days we have not tasted food—and to-morrow”——. She gasped and tried

to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving.

“Be comforted—you shall want no more.” I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West India isle, her childhood’s home. Of the deaths of father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought him in vain, but found, instead, a husband—he too an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd, all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needle-work. Too close attention to the duties of his school; long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health, and confined him at length to his bed. The shop, where his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resources were cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment. Many had none to give, and others gave no work to “strangers.” Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then, I trust, they found indeed a comforter in heaven.

The husband died first—died placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute-appealing look he gave me. I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It was a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still, deep night I heard her murmur, “Sister Ann, do not speak so harshly to me: oh, mamma, why did you leave me?” Then again she said, “Give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint.” Her soul was again in her own sunny (happy) home.

“Lay me by my George, and God will bless you,” were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet, pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death; and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty of those who wounded the “stranger’s heart.”

Circumstances like these, it may be, have not been very common in America; and it is but just to say that there are many humane people who are kind to strangers, and ready to alleviate distress; but there are some of a distressing character; and there are many people among emigrants who, for a while, have not known how to make their way to live.

Some spend nearly all in coming over, and others are taken sick before they are naturalized, and obliged to spend their money in medicines, board, &c. A few unfortunately fall into the hands of wicked men, who get their property from them; and some others, through the vast difference there is between their native and new country, cannot follow the business they were brought up to. And it may be observed that where this is the case, they may soon spend a deal of money in America as well as in England; for, in some places, as New York, Albany, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, and other places, house rent is as high as in London—fuel and clothing far more expensive, and board, with other incidental expenses, as high in cities probably as in any populous town in Great Britain.

Nor is poverty in America exclusively confined to foreigners. No: some people even among the natives are poor. And is not this according to the order of a wise Providence? If so, is there any counsel or strength against the Lord? Does not the Scripture declare that the poor shall never cease out of the land?—and, consequently, that God hath made and blessed the poor in their situation as well as the rich? Is it not an undeniable fact that all people have not the same capacity for trade, labor and usefulness?—the same health, strength and prosperity? And that let a country be what it may, it cannot secure to all both prosperity and riches. Besides, what could we do without diversity and contrast? The brute animals, for wise purposes, are not all of one stature. If the world was made up of rich men, who would procure us fuel and the finest wheat? And if these things are the fruits of their labors, who are worthy of more esteem?—or what class in society is more useful than they are? In the summer I met a young man and woman near Moscow, on their way to Mount Morris, who were poor indeed! “Won’t they let us go over the bridge,” asked he, “without paying the toll?” “How is it,” asked I, “that you are destitute of so small a sum?” This seemed to affect the young woman almost to tears.

At another time, no great distance from Brockport, I remained at a farm house during the night, where the good woman informed me that at the first log house on my way there was a family very poor. I enquired the cause of their poverty, and she answered, “It is for want of capacity.” I was glad to hear that she had more good sense and humanity than to attribute all to idleness as some people do; for, as inconsistent as it may be, one man who frequently gets drunk and tells many falsehoods in trading with his custom-

ers, will often exclaim against and cast reproach upon others guilty of no such crimes, because they do not prosper as he does. But how improper to do so! How unjust is such conduct! For does not daily experience teach us that men in general would rise above their present indigence to possess double the property they have already, if they had power or were permitted to do it? It does; but they cannot, nor can others, deliver themselves at pleasure from abject poverty: and hence such instances are sufficient to shew us that, in a temporal point of view, the way of man is not in himself, and that some people even in America, as well as in England, are very poor.

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No. VI.

*Coming to America an advantage to most people, &c.—Yet amidst the beauties, riches, &c., in the country, the publisher's astonishment at the scarceness of cash!—At a loss to account for this deficiency.—Prohibiting one and three dollar bills in the latter part of President Jackson's administration, &c., &c., made an increase of difficulty.*

It has been acknowledged already that coming to America is an advantage to many, inasmuch as hitherto there has been such a vast and extensive field for trade and labor—that working men can better provide for themselves and families—that mechanics can find employment and good wages—merchants a suitable place for an establishment, and men of wealth can lay out their property to as good, or perhaps to better, advantage than in Europe. At least property has been laid out to procure as delightful situations, it is likely, for one-half or one-quarter of the sum for families to live in, or to accumulate as fast or more so, probably, than in England. And there have been some people, though without title, in America who (as it appeared to me) were possessed of property to an amount equal to most of our richest noblemen in England. Witness the Hon. \*\*\*\*\* of ———, whose property, according to report, has been estimated at upwards of twenty millions of dollars. Mr. ——— is said to be worth upwards of a million per annum; and Mr. \*\*\*\*\* at whose house I called, whom a tenant of his told me that he had as much land as five hundred farms, which would average four hundred acres a piece.

Yet amidst all the beauties and riches seen in America, there was one thing which was a mystery to me—a subject too deep for me to fathom or understand—namely: a scarcity of money. And what made me so sensible of it was, its being repeated successively, as it were, by all kinds of people for three or four years together. To hear people of so much property say they had no money—to hear this frequently declared by citizens, merchants, farmers, and mechanics—to hear it repeated by their wives, hired girls, daughters, tailoresses, dress makers, and young women working in factories—to hear this so often mentioned by people apparently of the most industrious habits and sober character—some of whom, perhaps, could earn from one to two dollars per day, who could always have work, and, as it seemed, steadily kept at it—and to hear many of these people declare it with every mark of sincerity as religious characters, hundreds of whom, I presume, have told me that they had not a cent in the world—was one of the most mysterious things, as a person from Europe, that I ever knew. In England, as it appeared to me, most people (the poor excepted) had generally some money by them, but in America even the rich were without it; and amidst people apparently of the first quality, in some parts of the country, who were rich in houses, land, furniture, &c.—whose apartments were neatly furnished, papered and carpeted, and which, for beauty, neatness and grandeur, equalled many of the rich in England, there was no money. I have travelled, I presume, thousands of miles by land and hundreds by water, and hence I speak experimentally of the matter in general, and not contractedly, of particular cases. Nevertheless, I admired the simplicity of a people who, with one voice, so freely acknowledged it, and the contentment they seemed to enjoy without it. I reflected upon the following words, viz: “The love of money is the root of all evil,” and doubted whether it could be possessed without loving it, and being more or less corrupted by it; for, by observing the minds and characters of many, I could not but notice that many in America seemed more contented than people in my own country; and hence I concluded that if money could not be possessed without producing haughtiness, covetousness, peevishness and discontentment, it was a blessing to live without it. It was, however, a trial to me in my circumstances: yet amidst many difficulties, I found the inhabitants in general, whether religious or irreligious, a humane, and, many of them, a kind people. When I have travelled a whole day with but little success, and found my body and spirits depressed with weariness,

ness, I have been discouraged, and, to my grief, have complained of my fate in travelling among people where riches and poverty were so blended together; for even when I found persons who wanted to trade with me, this difficulty was in the way. Among such people it very commonly happened that some had six or ten cents instead of a shilling, and others had fifteen or eighteen instead of twenty-five. Yet among these people, in the country, I generally found a supply of my bread and water; and nothing scarcely has given me greater satisfaction than the conduct of some Americans who have so kindly ministered to my wants in such circumstances. Hence, in reference to some of them, I scruple not to say, "I was a stranger and they took me in."

Whatever was the cause of this deficiency amidst all the business, trade and labor in America, I never could understand—whether there was too little cash in circulation for the population and business of the country—whether it was a universal ambition to double property, and consequently caused merchants and men of business to withhold all to purchase a double quantity of goods or land for speculation, while they obliged every mechanic and laborer to have so much weekly of their merchandise, or to wait till they could pay them—and whether this principle did not so universally prevail as to cause every mechanic to withhold all to purchase a lot, and another an additional farm, I could not tell.

During the latter part of President Jackson's administration, the United States Bank was shut up. Sometime after this period, in York State, one dollar, and, at a later period, three dollar bills were prohibited in their circulation; and about the month of May, 1837, all the Banks in that State refused to cash any of their notes for twelve months together. This made considerable difficulty for that season; and, truly, when the whole complication of such causes were brought into contact with each other—when the effects of those causes were felt as having demanded specie alone for land in the west; having removed the deposits and shut up the United States Bank—the necessity the merchants were under in such circumstances, to keep all the cash they could get to send to Europe to purchase goods—the destructive fires that had previously happened in New York, &c., &c., so drained the country of cash that it was a difficult thing to find any. This pressure gave rise to the 'shin plaster' system; and hence not only corporations issued forth papers of fifty and twenty-five cents each, but manufactories, butchers and such people had recourse to the same means, to as small an amount as six, if not three, cents each. If people had five

dollar bills they could not change them ; and if others, on a journey, wanted to put up at a tavern they knew not how to entertain them. They wanted to know whether they had the specie, and if not, they wanted not their custom.

An individual was speaking of a person whom a landlord refused something to eat through this difficulty, when he generously interfered and engaged to be accountable for payment ; and it was generally acknowledged that America had never seen such a time before. It is true that in consequence of the labor there is in this country, and the humanity of the inhabitants towards people in want, no individual need starve ; yet during the spring and part of the summer in 1837, by reason of the crops being injured in the hard winter and spring of 1836, there were many even among farmers who were hard put to it. The wheat and Indian corn being injured, there was but little pork slaughtered the winter following ; and hence many farmers themselves, in the summer of 1837, were out of meat, and many others well nigh out of bread. It was reported that Judge \*\*\*\*\* had a hundred bushels of wheat, but he was not willing to sell it for less than three hundred dollars, and hence some person or more broke into his barn and bore part of it away.

But although I have glanced at the prosperity of some and the afflictions of others, yet I hope it has not been to tempt the reader on the one hand, nor discourage him on the other. Nor would I forget to recall his attention to more permanent blessings by saying, provide for yourself bags which wax not old—a treasure in heaven where no thief approacheth nor moth corrupteth ; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

LEICESTER, March 29, 1837.

*The contrast between Eastern and Western States.—Fruitfulness and barrenness of different soils.—Large wages of some and small earnings of others, &c. &c., make it difficult to give other nations a correct idea of the country.—Yet notwithstanding the contrast between the amount of business and scarceness of cash, some individuals can get money, probably, as fast in America as in any other part of the world.—Many laboring men from England have risen out of their poverty and become rich, &c.—Reflections.*

From the preceding number it may be seen that money is not so plentiful as some people, from various injudicious reports, have been led to imagine; nor indeed is it possible to give people, either in Europe or America, a correct idea of all parts of the country; for, considering the vast contrast there is between the eastern and western States—the fruitfulness and barrenness of the different soils—of the wages that some people can obtain, and the little earnings of others—the sumptuousness, vanity and refinements, in some particulars, in the east, and the plainness and deprivations of the west—the mixture and sad want of uniformity in manners between the worthy American who characterizes his country for cleanliness, plainness, simplicity, industry, and the loose manners, abruptness and uncourteousness of many—among such a mixture of characters, customs and contrast in circumstances, I would say it is impossible to give people a just idea of all parts of the country.

Yet, notwithstanding the contrast between the amount of business and scarceness of cash, it is possible that men of labor and mechanics can get sufficient employment and good wages every where, and that some men can find cash as plentiful as in any part of Europe. Among such men are large growers of wheat. Being on a trading excursion in the summer, I came to a place where a number of men were building a house, and, according to custom, (as with one voice) they frankly acknowledged that they had no money, but they informed me that the proprietor of the building (Farmer Coombs, as I shall speak of him,) had plenty, and that he was a liberal-minded man. Sometime afterwards I met him walking towards the new building, and, being on a journey for that purpose, I would have traded with him, but I could not learn that he had more than his men, or any more than a poor man in England. A short time afterwards I entered his plain habitation—*an old log house*. In this humble dwell-

ing there was probably a worthy family for plainness, industry, &c., but a people who had nothing, as it might seem, before hand. Such was the appearance of things to a stranger; but it was undoubtedly in appearance only; for this man, notwithstanding the scarcity in 1836, (as before mentioned) had wheat enough to make him nearly ten thousand dollars—a sum rarely equalled for one article by any farmer in Great Britain or elsewhere. I mentioned this in company afterwards, and, as a fact, it was doubted; and, hence, when an opportunity presented itself, I stepped into the mill at —, where I had a friend, who informed me that he must have brought wheat into that mill to the amount of more than nine thousand dollars, which, according to my calculation, is upwards of two thousand pounds sterling. A rare sum this for a single article of grain for one year to a common farmer. In addition to this sum, I was informed that this man had sold a farm, (probably three years previous to that time,) about three hundred and fifty acres more or less, at forty-five dollars per acre, which, in the amount, must be between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars, or, at least, three thousand five hundred pounds sterling. Nor is it an uncommon thing, in some parts of the country, for a farmer to raise a thousand bushels of wheat, which, as this kind of grain has been selling lately, is exclusively a good compensation for the labors of a man and boy for a season. Mrs. P——, a common farmer's wife, told me that they (meaning her husband and one or more in the family,) should have about fourteen hundred bushels as one year's produce. And when passing along the country, I asked a farmer what might be the amount of one year's produce from a hundred acres of land, to which he replied, "a thousand dollars." If this was a just estimate, I suppose that such a one might maintain a tolerable large family, under such circumstances, with half that sum, and keep the other half for future purposes; and if this was perpetuated for ten years successively, it would put a rising family, with God's blessing, into good circumstances, and be a good compensation for labor.

Many laboring men from England, by coming to America, have risen out of their poverty and become rich. They have been enabled to provide for their families, and left them at their departure in comfortable circumstances. Others have found plenty of labor, and had opportunities of putting their children to respectable trades, which they could not have done in their native country; and when a parent has been taken away, the surviving one has found means of putting them into different families; where they have been well

educated, religiously trained up, and, in many instances, have been used with as much or more tenderness than by their own parents. Humanity is a conspicuous characteristic of the Americans; and many orphans adopted or taken in by such people, have, through their attention and kindness, become useful and honorable members of society. Some others, we may suppose, have left their mud walled cottages in England and erected their log cabins in the woods in America, till, by industry, they have cleared thirty, forty, or nearly a hundred acres of rich land, where they have spent their days in peace, and, in a sense speaking, independent of all men. One man, within the circle of my own knowledge, (and there are probably hundreds in America,) so located himself as to place six or seven sons in different farms round about him—so arranged them as to have a neighborhood—a little generation of his own name, or a great tract of land occupied by his own progeny.

But when people rise out of their poverty and become rich, they too often imbibe such an avaricious spirit that they are never satisfied. Much, too, often wants more. Prosperity seems to increase the desires of men till they are as boundless as the sea. They have much pouring in upon them, and yet they are grasping at more. Hence they will always be purchasing, and always in debt. They cannot enjoy what they have, though enough, because they want more. When they have one estate of good rich land, they will purchase another—run in debt for it—pinch and deprive themselves of many comforts, and labor, during their term of life, to get out of the embarrassments they are involved in, instead of enjoying the blessings of providence they had previously in possession. I remained for the night at the house of a friend, who in the morning spake of a family on my way where I had an occasion to call, whom she supposed to be tolerably rich; but while I was there, the good lady of the house intimated that her husband was in debt, and during my stay, I learned that he was owing something like three thousand dollars. The fact was, this successful man had a good farm, and he purchased another before he could pay for it; so this seemed to engage their attention till paid for as if they had just begun in the woods. And it is so common a case in America, that as soon as some people are out of debt and have a little money to deposit, they will make another purchase, and keep repeating it till they are bewildered in the midst of their possessions.

But is it true that money (as mentioned page 31) must be loved by its possessors, and more or less corrupt the heart of

every one who is put in possession of it, and finally extinguish in others the last spark of love to God and man? Is it impossible for the rich to enter into the kingdom of God? There is certainly great danger of their being shut out, from our Lord's words; as, "Woe unto the rich!" "It is easier for a camel to enter through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven:" and there wants a proportionable degree of caution and means using to prevent the corrupting influence of riches on the human heart. Money being the medium through which we receive and can purchase every temporal blessing, it capacitates people to gratify every appetite, run the whole length of dissipation, and keep any company. The poor, who are dependent on them, crouch down with fear, and honor them; and when people can indulge themselves in every thing, go where they like, and keep any company—when their inferiors honor and flatter them, and they have no adversity or affliction as a counterpoise to prosperity, they too often give way to such vanity and self-indulgence as destroys them. Hence, under such circumstances, we should be careful to prevent their corrupting influence upon us, lest they should prove an insurmountable barrier to our entering into the kingdom of heaven.

Nevertheless, it cannot be that riches must inevitably ruin any one. No. This will appear clear by considering, First, that money (as well as other things) was created by God himself, and which is providentially made the medium of receiving all temporal blessings; Secondly, this being the only medium through which our wants are supplied, no man can live without the use of it either by himself or others. Mary, Joanna, and others, ministered to our Lord of their substance. And, Thirdly, some individuals, as Abraham, Job, and Zaccheus, have been rich, and yet some of the most pious and best of men. But not without gaining them honestly, and using them to good purposes afterwards; for "they that will be rich, (at all events) fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." 1 Tim. vi. 9. Hence the love of money, which is called the root of all evil, must be guarded against by the purest and best of people, or else it will finally sink and eternally ruin them; and people who are successful in all their undertakings, should take timely care to counteract this avaricious principle, or else, like fornication or any other deadly sin, it will at length pierce them through with many sorrows.

Are you a man of speculation, reader—a trader in houses and land—a man of prosperity, and trying to add house to house and field to field? Are you anxious to get rich? Have you an estate or two in possession already, and still rising early and late taking rest to gain more? If so, how much would you wish to have? Is it the good of your children only that you are seeking, or are you anxious to make them rich, without regard to consequences? Stop, and consider! Pause for a moment, and ask your better judgment what is best for them. Ill gotten and unsanctified wealth, perhaps, has ruined many. Give a boy ten thousand dollars, and he is too rich to begin to creep, and walk, and use the caution of the poor man's son; but by beginning on a large scale, without either caution, experience, or acuteness, to get more, he sometimes loses all, and becomes worse than others. Hence, study their safety by plainness and bringing them down rather than raising them to an unprotected elevation in their vain popularity and aggrandizement. To be too anxious to save a fortune for them—to give them a polite education and send them to the dancing school to accomplish them—to take one step after another to elevate them in the world without sufficient merit in themselves to remain there—to introduce them into the highest circles in society by making physicians or lawyers of them, or raising them above what they are qualified for, may prove fatal by finally degrading instead of leading them to honor. How much better is the character of a pious and humble mechanic than a proud and discontented rich man, with all the honors that can be conferred upon him! It is better, reader, to leave your children in circumstances suited to their capacity, than to raise them above what they are fit for and bring them to poverty. Observe, that there is the blessing or curse of the Lord which you may bring upon them. Saul forfeited his kingdom, and Jonathan also suffered in the battle. The families of Jeroboam and Ahab were disinherited and cut off: and the leprosy of Naaman was denounced against Gehazi and his seed for ever. Hence, it appears that we may not only bring a curse upon ourselves, but, in a temporal point of view, upon our posterity also, and which may remain for generations afterward. And are you not convinced that you may imbibe such a spirit of covetousness that nothing but bringing you and your children to the most abject poverty can atone for? No repentance or sacrifice, probably, can be accepted without this—that is, to some people and in some cases. And is it not probable, in some other cases, that want of prosperity, extreme poverty, affliction, &c. are occasioned by a frowning providence for pride,

oppression, injustice, and other sins formerly committed and still unrepented of?

Would you wish, then, to leave a blessing upon your property after you? If so, permit me to drop a few words for your serious consideration on this subject. First, beware how you get your riches. "Wealth gotten by vanity," saith Solomon, "shall be diminished; but he that gathereth by labor, shall increase." Prov. xiii. 11. Some people withhold the laborer's hire, others rob the fatherless, oppress the poor, or obtain their wealth by dishonest means. Beware how you follow such examples, and see that you never purchase riches in so wicked and dishonorable a manner. Avoid all intriguing, tricking, and gambling—all over-reaching, cunning, and unjust measures—all usury, bad money, &c. Secondly, devote what you have to wise and judicious purposes. Many people get a deal of money and lavish it away upon useless objects. They do not consider that their money (as well as their time and every other talent) is a precious gift of God, which ought to be used prudently for their own use and the benefit of others. Thirdly, devote a portion of your income, as an expression of gratitude, in a free-will offering to the Lord. "Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: And this stone which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Gen. xxviii. 20—22. Zaccheus still more liberally declared that he gave half his goods to feed the poor. Follow these worthy examples, reader, and present your offerings to God by faith in Christ Jesus, and you will find them to be a blessing to thyself and to thy children after thee.

In conclusion, remember that it is your duty to labor and gain by honest means all you can. This is not wrong; God has given you this privilege; nay, he hath called you to do so—to do what he hath called you to with all your might. But then let it be to minister to others of your abundance, seeing there are so many in the human family who have not a capacity to help themselves. And is it not more honorable to administer to others; more blessed to give than to receive? Let thy abundance, therefore, be liberally diffused among the poor, the afflicted; to the stranger and the fatherless; and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy—"And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of

unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Luke xvi. 9.

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Hast thou not tried the earthly?—say,  
 Are not its pleasures for a day?  
 Its splendors vanishing away?  
 O, try the Lord and prove him!  
 He veils his face, but not in wrath;  
 No eye hath seen the glorious path,  
 The things thy Heavenly Father hath  
 Prepared for those that love him!

Let earthly things arrest thee not—  
 There is above a brighter spot,  
 And power to gain that blessed lot  
 To thee is freely given.  
 Seek not on earth thy Paradise:  
 Its hopes are vain—its friendship flies;  
 And O! for thee prepared there is  
 A Paradise in heaven!

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#### [NO. VIII.]

*Some places, as retired country situations, apparently advantageous and more desirable than others, &c.—Some neighborhoods and some individuals more conspicuous for kindness, hospitality, &c.—A specimen of American plainness, humanity, &c. in the religious character, family, and country life of Mr. Truman, (so called)—God's regard for the poor, and an anecdote of a poor but pious man in England—Reflections.*

Although happiness is not confined exclusively to the apartments of the rich, nor wretchedness found only in the habitations of the poor; although virtue may be found in the crowd and vice in the desert's waste; and although there is no place so retired as to secure our happiness, nor any employment without guilt that can make us miserable: yet, in passing through a country where there are such a diversity of situations, there seem to be some places which would be advantageous to live in, and some people's lots much preferable to others. The situations I have reference to, are those plain, solitary, yet pleasant habitations we sometimes see in the country, and the people who inhabit them are those who neither indulge themselves in luxuries, nor lack the necessities of life—a people whose care it is to resign themselves to the order of providence, and devote themselves to prayer

and praise—who labor to avoid a conformity to the spirit and manners of the world that they may slumber in peace, and that, after the troubles and afflictions of life, they may find health and happiness in heaven. Such people appear free from painful anxiety either through fear or ambition; are at an equal distance between poverty and riches, and, in general, perhaps enjoy as much peace as any people on earth.

In passing through the country, I found some neighborhoods and some individuals who were more conspicuous than others for kindness, hospitality, &c. Some would entertain a stranger without any hesitation—others would do it, but reluctantly; but some would not do it at all. Some people's hearts and doors were open to a foreigner, but at others there was an insurmountable barrier—no room within, or, as it were, a lion in the way. When passing through a neighborhood about fifty miles south of the canal, I called at a respectable farmer's house, whose inmates with courteous and christian-like behavior, bade me welcome—a second let me rest at noon—and another shewed no mark of reluctance to my remaining for the night. The latter was the plain cottage of Mr. Truman, as I shall call him, and whom I shall speak of a little further at large.

Being on a trading excursion, and late in the day, I asked the privilege of Mrs. T. to tarry for the night, and she made no hesitation. Their plain habitation was probably a log house. In this retired spot, however, there were peace and plenty, kindness and gentleness, and a manifestation of good nature equal to my wants. Here was nothing apparently superfluous, nor any thing wanting; nothing fine, foppish, or extravagant; no useless ornaments or expensive furniture to decorate the humble mansion: nor did there appear any pride, contention, or discontentment; no corroding cares or distrust in the gracious providence that had hitherto blessed them. No peevishness, murmurings, or unthankfulness. Nothing but what was simple and unaffected—a simplicity of manners untarnished by formality, compliment, or ceremony. Meantime, there was nothing contrary to cleanliness, decency, and modesty; no low expression, vulgar or profane language. "*Charity becometh itself not unseemly.*" And all of one mind; there was no discord, no opposition, no dissenting voice. United in affection as parents and children, and manifesting a parental tenderness on one side, and a filial submission on the other, they could harmoniously unite their strength together, and draw as in an even yoke. Stimulated by parental love to provide every thing that would make their family and household happy, and the chil-

dren, as far as I could see, being affectionate and peaceable towards each other, there was an unbroken thread of harmony.

We will suppose that Mr. Truman was a son of Abraham, because he partook of the same spirit and did the same works. He entertained strangers. He was probably a kinsman of the pilgrims, who, for the sake of religion, fled to America many years ago. Being more or less wearied with my journey, and desirous of restoring my exhausted strength by a little rest, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, I asked the privilege to retire. My request, though not supper time, was immediately granted. A door was opened into a room where there were two beds—in an adjoining apartment there were two beds more: and whether these two peaceful rooms on the ground floor were made by a leaning shantee or not I cannot tell. Howbeit, the house was so small that the beds filled the rooms; the roof or floor above were as low as an humble mind could wish them to be, and although there was not a foot to spare for any other furniture, or room probably to open the doors without grating against the beds, the floor or ceiling, yet both rooms and furniture were clean and sweet as the morning air. In the evening (if I remember right) they asked me to join them in prayer, and thus mutually commend each other to God and the protection of his providence. At bed-time the good man waited upon me, to supply any lack for my comfort till morning. Being grateful for his kindness to me as a stranger, and reflecting upon the happy circumstances in which he was placed, I reminded him of it by observing, "You are the happy man, if you can but think so," when he in effect replied, "We will be contented." Hence, after making me as comfortable as he could, he left me for the night to my quiet repose. And, truly, I may say,

Sweet were the comforts of that peaceful cot.

Such is the situation of a country life, which, from its quietness, is partially a life of tranquillity and peace. Remote from the clamors of the city, and the dissipation occasioned by a crowded population; untainted with pride contracted by associating with people in fashionable life; distant from the vanities, the temptations, and the foolish fashions of the multitude; not vexed with the filthy conversation of wicked and profane men, independent of the rich, nor under any obligation to submit to useless ceremonies; having no painful emotions from slander by the intruding gossip who is

listening after the news of the day; and being tolerably free from worldly ambition, or having their desires excited by the fascinating charms of increasing fortune, they appear content with such things as they have, and spend their days in solitude and peace. Such, then, is the satisfaction of those people who are content with such things as they have—the men who have what is necessary, and yet are free from luxury and worldly ambition. Many families of plainness and kindness I have found in the country, and I take such people as Mr. Truman and his family as a specimen of the original plainness and hospitality of the true spirited American. And such are the comforts and pleasures of retirement—of a plain and an industrious people whose lives and manners exhibit to others the beauties of religion in a country life.

Tell me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth, of carnal joys,  
The things I lov'd before:  
Let me but view my Savior's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.

Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Of careless ease and blooming health,  
For they have all their snares:  
Let me but feel my sins forgiven,  
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.

Tell me no more of lofty towers,  
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,  
For these are trifling things:  
The little room for me design'd,  
Will suit as well my easy mind  
As palaces of kings.

Tell me no more of crowding guests,  
Of gaudy dress and sumptuous feasts,  
Extravagance and waste:  
My little table thinly spread,  
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,  
Will better suit my taste.

Give me a bible in my hand,  
A heart to read, and understand  
This sure unerring word:  
I'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
And converse with the Lord.

Although poverty is not chosen, but abhorred by men, and the greatest degree of it cannot be endured without pain by the humblest characters; yet it appears that God has a peculiar regard for those who are the subjects of it. "Blessed be ye poor," said Christ. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world (asks St. James) rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" Luke vi. 20. James ii. 5. Hence it appears that God hath given them the first invitation to his kingdom, and although poverty is irksome to flesh and blood, yet in the order of providence it may be necessary to the soul's highest exaltation in the kingdom of heaven. "We are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." Rom. viii. 17. To suffer with him, is to be conformed to his life and death; but how are the rich, in the midst of their possessions, conformable to him who had not where to lay his head?

Look up, then, ye poor and afflicted! ye desolate and forsaken! Gird up your loins and suffer patiently, and forget not that poverty and affliction are no proofs of God's eternal displeasure. Humble yourselves under his mighty hand, and remember that he hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, nor willingly afflicteth the children of men. Let me give you an anecdote which I received from the mouth of a minister in England. "I went," said he, "to visit a poor man in his affliction, who told him he could not die happily, because he had debts which he could not pay; supposing them to be a few shillings to one, a few shillings to a second, and about the same sum to a third person, not amounting to a pound in all. I mentioned the difficulty to a few friends, and we contributed a few pounds, which paid the debts and left something for funeral expenses. When this was done, the poor man was delivered from his trouble; and, stretching out his arms, he in effect said: 'As sure as there is a God in heaven, I shall go to him; and not only so, but I know that he will take care of my family.' I thought (said the minister) that I would take notice of this family; and when I was on a journey some years afterwards, I went out of my way to inquire after it: and I found that the eldest son was married and comfortably settled on a farm as an occupier of land; the second son was in a situation of nearly a hundred pounds sterling per annum; and the third was in business as a tradesman—and all of them members of a religious society, or at least steady men, and hearers of the gospel." Such were the words of this poor dying man, and

such are the inestimable advantages of religion at the hour of death.

Hence, in concluding this number, permit me to notice further, First, the personal advantages of religion at the hour of death to this dying man; and, Secondly, the advantages of it to his posterity.

*First, its personal advantages.* "As sure as there is a God in heaven, I shall go to him." In this language there was no unbelief, no doubt or fear, but the full assurance of faith; and this assurance on the borders of immortality! Happy man! Although he had no estates or property to leave his children, yet he had peace at last, and an happy assurance of God's favor to himself and family, and that when called to leave even his little cottage on earth, he knewt hat he had a house above, eternal in the heavens. No apparent derangement, but a calmness of soul, and a rational use of all its faculties. He could think and speak and glorify God. He could take leave of his friends and family as one who was going a pleasant journey—going home.

"His God sustained him in the final hour,  
His final hour brought glory to his God."

Had it not been for the special favor of God in this hour of extremity, he might have been deprived of reason; but in his favor there is life—life even in death. Under his frown there is death even in the prime of life. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." John viii. 51.

*Secondly, notice the advantages of religion to his posterity.* "I know that he will take care of my family." God sheweth mercy (saith Moses) unto a thousand generations of them that love him and keep his commandments. Yea, and he does this to a certain extent for the fathers' sakes. Hence, because Phineas was zealous in executing judgment, he gave him and his seed after him an everlasting priesthood. Unto Abraham God promised, "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven," &c. Unto David God promised, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments, &c. then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." And to the Reehabites, for their faithfulness, God declared, "Jon-

adab, the son of Reehab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Num. xxvii. 13. Gen. xxii. 16, 17. Psa. lxxxix. 30—33. Jer. xxxv. 19. Hence it appears that some people have been so piously devoted to God, and so faithful in discharging their duty towards him, that he has established his covenant with them, and blessed the children after them.

Lastly, we may observe that, by a communication of his will to Abraham as a patriarch, and to David, by the mouth of the prophets; so, under the gospel, by his Holy Spirit, God can give a man a satisfactory assurance of his favor both to him and his children. He had probably prayed for himself and family for many years, and God had given him faith to believe that his petitions should be answered. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he shews them his covenant." Such are the advantages and privileges of God's faithful people. He blesses and he makes known his will to them. "Shall I hide from Abraham," said God, "the thing which I do?" And if not, will he withhold any important intelligence from us, if we are equally faithful to his commands by living unto him? How desirable then is the favor of God! And how much better to leave a family in his favor than with great riches! Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end and future state be like unto theirs.

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#### NO. IX.

*Whether a country life is most advantageous to piety or not, retirement is of importance in all circumstances—This duty must not be neglected—It is not only a duty, but a gracious privilege, &c.—Faithfulness in opulent circumstances possible, exemplified in Abraham; his solitude, &c.—Reflections, &c. &c.*

Whether a country life is more advantageous than that of the city, or more desirable to the serious reader, or not, an occasional degree of *retirement* is of importance to all people. Man is such a compound of flesh and spirit, such a mortal and such a sinner, that food and rest, retirement and prayer, (if he is a believer) are indispensably necessary to the welfare of his body and soul. Can any individual remain in health without a daily supply of bread and water? Does not the weather-beaten mariner want a quiet recess in the peaceful arbor? Can even the publican utter his groans or give full vent to his grief without entering into his closet?

And is it possible for an established believer, a father in Christ Jesus, or the most venerated character, to keep his soul alive without it? Did not our Lord himself retire into solitary places? If so, is it not essentially necessary to us as sinners? Hence, whether we live in the city or the country, a proper attention to this duty is of great importance to our best interest.

Yes, an attention to this duty is of vast importance, and if we would be eminent for piety, we must not neglect it. The most devoted characters in all ages, as Enoch, Abraham, Elias, and the apostles, enjoyed solitude or retirement. Did not Enoch's walking with God imply that he walked not with, nor in fellowship with the world? Does not his example teach us that he turned his steps from, rather than that he sought an intimate acquaintance with it? And does not the phrase, "He walked with God," imply that he lived in his closet—enjoyed solitude—and that he sought places suitable for reflection, where he could hold communion with him?—that the shady grove, the solitary walk, or the midnight shade bore no terrifying aspect to him? And did he not seek a greater abstractedness from, rather than desire its friendship, its toys or vanities? If so, ought not we to follow him as he followed that which is good? Must not every one who would be like him, seek after the same deadness to the world, or follow him, in order to enjoy the same communion with God? And if we do this, will not the same course lead us to the same end? Must not the same exercise of faith and prayer, the same desire and hope, the same method and means, the same efforts and exertions, the same steadiness and perseverance, (when grounded upon faith in Christ Jesus) lead us to the same devotedness and exalted station? It is true that men, pious and godly men, must not go out of the world and leave it in the hands of Satan, but they must keep their distance. They must not remain so long as to let wickedness leaven the little spark of grace they have in them, instead of letting others feel the salutary influence of their company, or bringing the rebellious over to godliness. Characters who are like lights in a dark place, must not withdraw themselves and leave others to stumble and fall into idolatry, but they must trim their lamps and keep awake; they must stand at a distance, and shed their radiance upon others; they must endeavor to retain their savor, that, as the salt of the earth, they may season and keep it from putrefaction.

Hence let us take it for granted not only that a proportionable degree of retirement is essential to our happiness

and the good of others, but rejoice that God has graciously given us such a privilege—the privilege of waiting upon him alone; and that he has commanded us to use it, that we may be happy and find rest to our souls. Yet many carelessly neglect it, and others, through a multiplicity of engagements, are carried down, as it were, into an ocean of worldly cares that they cannot enjoy it. Does not the pious farmer see and feel his danger in this particular?—the young man, who has lately entered upon the business of life, and whose worldly avocations crowd upon him so fast that he is obliged to deny himself or find loss in his soul? Labor of different kinds come in in succession, and he is anxious to do each in its season, and hence without prayer, watchfulness and retirement, he is carried forward and onward, year after year, till, through a multiplicity of business, though his land is cultivated, his soul brings forth no fruit to perfection. O, my Saviour, give me what is necessary and contentment, and suffer me not to be drunken and surfeited with the cares of this life.

But it is not impossible even in opulent circumstances to be faithful to God. No: Abraham was rich in things pertaining to this life, nevertheless his riches and worldly engagements did not prevent his building an altar unto the Lord. He had a large family, but he governed himself, and commanded his household likewise. He had many things in connection with his family and the world—his flocks and herds of cattle to engage his attention—but these things did not hinder him from being sometimes alone. O, sweet retirement, when the heart is cleansed from the impure love of the world! Happy are the people who can enjoy and make a proper use of it. And blessed is the man who, at all times, has his heart free to wait upon the Lord. It was not in the city or in the crowd, but in the plains of Mamre and other places of retirement, probably, where Abraham had many interviews with the Lord. Sitting in his tent door, and, perhaps, contemplating the perfections of Jehovah, or some former intercourse he had had with beings more than mortal, he lifted up his eyes, and lo! three men stood by him. Desiring to have some intercourse with them, as messengers from heaven, he ran and bowed himself towards the ground: or, being of an humble, hospitable character himself, he was not above entertaining them though strangers. Hence he saluted them (though in the name of the Lord) in the kindest manner. “My Lord,” said he, “if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, &c.” “Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves un-

der the tree, &c.” And Abraham hastened and ordered some cakes, and ran and fetched a calf, &c. How generous and kind was such conduct! Like the good Samaritan, he entertained and supplied their wants to the full! What a spirit of hospitality was here! Here was no pride to cause him to look above them—no haughtiness to give pain or force them from his door—no want of humility necessary to honor them, nor any lack of love to entreat them with kindness. O, my God, bless me with the finest feelings of sympathy the human heart is capable of—the tenderest pity and the warmest charity. Enable me to enter into the feelings and wants of others, that at least I may learn to love though I cannot relieve them!

*Abraham was sitting alone.* So it might seem to all human observation, but the plains and the mountains might be full of ministering spirits and chariots of fire. The most solitary places, perhaps, are not without their daily visitants. The most secluded place in the wilderness, or the most crowded part of the city, is not destitute of the presence of Him, who filleth both the earth and the heavens with his greatness. Nay, when people appear the most alone, they may have the greatest company surrounding them. Abraham and Lot entertained angels. An angel appeared to Elijah, to Daniel, and others. And what reason have we to suppose that these pure and heavenly spirits are not encompassing us about, both by day and night? “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Hence may we not suppose that they are daily patrolling our avenues; our walks and our gardens?—the groves, the bowers, and the most sequestered corners? And why should we think it incredible that the spirit of a departed sister, brother or friend frequently visits us, or that the spirit of an affectionate parent hovers over us—that one or more of our friends frequently look into our chambers, or our closets, and observe our actions? Is such liberty contrary to the laws of the invisible world? If it is not, and our secret actions are laid open to the world of spirits, as well as to the broad eye of Him who will bring every idle word into judgment, “what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness.”

How awful then is our situation! and how necessary it is to withdraw to inspect our actions, and seek for grace, to live unblameably in it. For “the world,” says an English writer, “is a troubled ocean; and who can erect stable purposes on its fluctuating waves?” The world is a school of wrong; and who does not feel himself warping to its perni-

cious influences? On this sea of glass, how insensibly we slide from our own steadfastness! Some sacred *truth*, which was struck in lively characters on our souls, is obscured if not obliterated. Some worthy *resolution*, which heaven had wrought in our hearts, is shaken if not overthrown. Some enticing *vanity*, which we had solemnly renounced, again practices its wiles and captivates our affections. How often has a word of applause dropt lucious poison into our ears; or some disrespectful expression raised a gust of passion in our bosoms? Our innocence is of so tender a constitution that it suffers in the promiscuous crowd. Our purity is of so delicate a complexion that it scarce touches on the world without contracting a stain. We see, we hear with peril.

But here *safety* dwells. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is secluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The busy swarms of vain images and cajoling temptations, which beset us with a buzzing impurity amidst the gaieties of life, are chased by these thickening shades. Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn that best of sciences—to *know myself*. Here the soul may rally her dissipated powers, and grace recover its native energy. This is the opportunity to rectify every evil impression—to expel the poison, and guard against the contagion of corrupting examples. This is the place where I may, with advantage, apply myself to subdue the rebel within; and be master not of a sceptre, but of myself. Throng then, ye ambitious, the levees of the powerful; I will be punctual in my assignations with solitude. To a mind intent upon its own improvement, solitude has charms incomparably more engaging than the entertainments presented in the theatre, or the honors conferred in the drawing room.

I said solitude. Am I then alone? 'Tis true my acquaintance are at a distance. I have stole away from company, and am remote from all human observation. But that is an alarming thought.

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

*Par. Lost, Book IV., 677.*

Perhaps there may be numbers of these invisible beings patrolling this same retreat, and joining with me in contemplating the Creator's works. Perhaps those ministering spirits, who rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, and hold up the goings of the righteous, may follow us to this lonely recess, and even in our most solitary moments be our constant

attendants. What a pleasing awe is awakened by such a reflection! How venerable it renders my retired walks! I am struck with reverence as under the roof of some *sacred edifice*, or in the presence-chamber of some mighty monarch. O! may I never bring any pride of imagination, nor indulge the least dissolute affection where such refined and exalted intelligences exercise their watch? 'Tis possible that I am encompassed with such a cloud of witnesses; but it is certain that God, the *infinite, eternal* God, is now and ever with me. The great Jehovah, before whom all the angelic armies bow their heads and veil their faces, surrounds me, supports me, pervades me. "In Him I live, move, and have my being." The whole world is his august temple; and in the most sequestered corner I appear before his adorable majesty no less than when I worship in his house or kneel at his altar. In every place, therefore, let me pay Him the homage of a heart cleansed from idols and devoted to his service. In every circumstance let me feel no *ambition* but to *please* him, nor covet any *happiness* but to *enjoy* him.

"How sublime is the description, and how striking the sentiment in that noble passage of the Psalms! 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I climb up into the *heights* of heaven thou art there,' enthroned in light. 'If I go down into the depths of the grave thou art there also,' in the pavillion of darkness. If I *retire* to the remotest eastern climes where the morning first takes wing; if, swifter than the darting ray, I pass to the opposite regions of the west, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, shall I, in that distant region, be beyond thy reach, or, by this sudden transition, escape thy notice! So far from it, that could I, with one glance of thought, transport myself beyond the bounds of creation, I should still be encircled with the immensity of thy essence; or, rather, still be enclosed in the hollow of thy hand. Awful, yet delightful truth! Let it be interwoven with every thought, and become one with the very consciousness of my existence! That I may continually walk with God, and conduct myself in every step of my behaviour, as seeing HIM that is invisible.

"They are the happy persons—felicity true, felicity is all their own—who live under an habitual sense of God's omnipresence, and a sweet persuasion of his special love. If dangers threaten, their impregnable defence is at hand. Nothing can be so near to terrify, as their Almighty Guardian to secure them. To these the hours can never be tedious; and it is impossible to be alone. Do they step aside from occu-

pations of animal life? a more exalted set of employments engage their attention. They address themselves, in all the various acts of devotion, to their Heavenly Father, *who now sees in secret*, and will hereafter *reward them openly*. They spread all their wants before his indulgent eye, and disburden all their sorrows into his compassionate bosom. Do they withdraw from human society? they find themselves under the more immediate regards of their Maker. If they resign the satisfactions of social intercourse, it is to cultivate a correspondence with the condescending Deity, and taste the pleasures of divine friendship. What is such a state but the suburbs of heaven? What is such a *conduct* but an antepast of eternal blessedness?"

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No. X.

*The duty and advantages of prayer contemplated, &c.—Its importance and effects when faithfully attended to, &c.—Notwithstanding its importance, many professors live too much in the neglect of it, &c.—Nor is it expected that all people can attend to it alike.—A few characters mentioned who have distinguished themselves by their application to it.—Its design, effects, &c., &c.*

Having written a little in commendation of solitude and a country life, permit me to spend a short time now exclusively in contemplating the duty and advantages of prayer—a duty this, perhaps, of all others, the most important. Without it we can never live to any good purpose—never enjoy ourselves happily in our present situation—never answer the noble end of our creation, as accountable creatures, nor ultimately find our way to heaven. A partial attention to it shews our ignorance of its importance, while a proper conviction of our obligation, and an unremitting attention to it, leads to consequences beyond our power of calculation. A privilege this also, which, in importance, is not inferior, perhaps, to the employment of angels, and which connects itself with the greatest blessings heaven has promised to bestow.

The importance of this duty is such that men ought always to pray, saith our Lord, and not to faint; and St. Paul exhorted the Thessalonians to pray without ceasing. A faithful attention to it has done wonders; and God always regards the prayers of persons, we will suppose, in proportion to their faith and fidelity. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a right-

eous man availeth much." How much we cannot tell. Mortals cannot fathom its beneficial effects, nor calculate its amount of good to man. What is there that has not been done in answer to it? It has opened the heavens and dried up the sea. It preserved the Hebrews in the fire, and supported others while consumed by it. The sick have been cured of the most inveterate diseases; devils have been cast out, and the dead raised to life. Speaking of the ancient worthies, St. Paul says, "Who, through faith, (which was animated and perfected by prayer) subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection:" Heb., xi. All blessings—all necessary power and protection has been given in answer to prayer, but no blessing or protection can be secured without it. In answer to prayer, sinners have been converted, others have been delivered from dangers, and prodigal children have been reclaimed and returned to their fathers' house. It is probable that there never was a soul converted to God but in answer to prayer; and it is on this condition that the blessings of Providence and grace are enjoyed and perpetuated unto us. And this is all founded in Christ Jesus, who first undertook our cause, purchased salvation for us, and ever liveth to make intercession for us—our Lord and Saviour, who is all in all.

Such is the importance of this duty, and yet we too little regard it, and many professors, in this day, are living nearly in the neglect of it. Some have no prayer in their families—seldom enter into their closets, or bow their knees to Him who seeth in secret. If this is our case—if, under such circumstances, we can be called pious people, yet we are not eminently so. We cannot be reckoned among the princes of God's people, nor numbered with his first-born in glory everlasting. No: people who will be eminent for piety, must be eminent for prayer. They always go together. This is the love of God, saith St. John, that we keep his commandments—and these call us to repent and believe—to watch and pray with perseverance. Our Lord upbraided his disciples for unfaithfulness—for asking so little—for asking comparatively nothing in his name, and asked whether they could not watch with him one hour. Hence if it is true that whatsoever his disciples ask in his name shall be granted—that

God is faithful to his own promise, and can do abundantly above all that they can ask or think—and that although heaven and earth may pass away, yet his words shall not pass away without soon or later receiving their accomplishment. What enemies people are to themselves that they do not endeavor more to cultivate this spirit, and avail themselves of so great a privilege.

It is not, however, supposed that all people can attend to the same rules of holy living as others, or that all are equally blest with regard to privilege. Consequently it will not do for the husbandman to neglect his daily avocations, the mechanic his employment, the servant his master's work, nor the mother the affairs of her family. By no means. The minister is called to an holy calling, and can give himself unto prayer—the individual with a sufficient competency, can have time to trade only with heaven—and the pious female, in such circumstances, need not be hindered from serving God with fastings and prayers, day and night. In these respects, also, God hath made men to differ. Some have less worldly embarrassment by having all things provided, while others must labor for themselves and families. God mercifully blesses some who have no time--no place, at all times, to bow the knee; but this implies no guilt; whereas to have opportunities afforded and not improve them, is sinful. The thief, poor fellow, cried in his distress, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This was doing above all he asked or thought of. But there are some blest with opportunities they do not improve, while others use their time and other talents to greater advantage.

Mr. John Welsh, a Scotch minister, (who, as his biographer has informed us, was a holy and prophetic man of God) was accustomed to spend eight hours out of the twenty-four in private prayer. Such was this man's importunity—such was his faithfulness in this duty, and such were his pleadings at a throne of grace. Surely this was striving for all the power of godliness, and exerting his strength to make sure work for eternity. This was living to a good purpose, by warring a good warfare, and fighting not as one who beateth the air. Such a life of diligence, with a uniformity in other duties, would procure the testimony of a good conscience—would lead to the highest spiritual enjoyments, and finally be crowned with the calmest and most triumphant end. O, happy men that thus pray! who pray till their souls are absorbed and lost in God. This seems to be the direct way to

lose themselves in the immensity of Him who is all in all. By such an evangelical faithfulness, the believer leaves all his doubts and fears behind, and obtains confidence towards God—stands prepared to meet the afflictions incident to his earthly pilgrimage, and becomes qualified, under the Captain of his salvation, to meet death with all his terrors.

A certain divine in England, in effect said, that he was much affected by reading an account of the Farrar (or Far-rer) family, at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, and desired to see such another family in any of the three kingdoms; a family, it seems, much devoted to God, and which was made the talk of the country for righteousness' sake. Hence a certain individual made a visit, in order to enquire into their way of living; and among several particulars he gave of their fidelity in a letter to a friend, there stand the following: "There were every night two (alternately) continued their devotions, that went not to bed until the rest rose." The same pious divine, in effect, said, that he despaired for many years of seeing any person stand in competition with Monsieur De Renty (a French nobleman) and Gregory Lopez (a hermit in America). And in the life of the former it is stated (if my memory does not deceive me) that he sometimes spent two, three, four or five hours in prayer in a day. From the life of the latter, I insert the following quotation: "Being one day in prayer in a church at Toledo, God gave him a fuller and stronger resolution than he had ever yet had of executing his design to live wholly to him. But as resolutions of importance ought not to be made but in consequence of much prayer, he passed several days in prayer and watching in the church of Guadaloupe, to obtain light how to proceed in what he purposed; and hereby he was more and more determined to quit both the court, and his friends, and native country, that there might be no obstruction to the entire devotion of himself to God, which his soul continually panted after."

Of Xavier, to the best of my recollection, it is recorded that, when on a certain voyage at sea, he accustomed himself to rise at midnight, and spend the time, till the rising of the sun, in prayer; that he used to retire to a place of solitary seclusion for the space of two hours after dinner; and that he requested a young man to call him at the end of that time, who, on one occasion, found him so absorbed in God, so wrapt up in his devotions, or, rather, so lost to all things here below and transported to heaven, that he perceived him not. Finding him seated with his arms across his breast and his eyes raised towards heaven, he left him undisturbed for the

present. In effect he declared that he could not interrupt the repose of a man who had the appearance of an angel, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of paradise. Calling on him about two hours afterwards he found him still in the same position, when, by jogging or shaking, he brought him to himself; who, nevertheless, having been caught up, as it were, into the heavens, found himself but little disposed to business of earth; and hence "we will take another day," said he, "to speak to the viceroy, for I perceive that God intends having this day wholly to himself."

But we have also individuals of ancient as well as of modern date who have thus distinguished themselves. We have scripture characters. Elias was a man who prayed earnestly, frequently, and with importunity. David declared that he gave himself unto prayer, which implies a perpetual pleading with God, beyond the practice of formal professors; and someworthies of the Jewish captivity so lived that they durst brave the threats of their enemies, and all that they could do by fire and torture to afflict them, though it might cost them an immediate forfeiture of life. In the New Testament we read of Anna, the prophetess, who served God with fastings and prayers night and day; of Cornelius, who prayed to God always; and our Lord, who continued all night in prayer to God.

The design of prayer is to make us happy. God commands us to use it to enquire of and shew our dependence upon him; and it may not be exclusively intended to inform him of our wants, but, by its use, to wean us from earth, and prepare us for blessings he is waiting to give. It should be so used as to have this happy effect upon us. It can never be practised too much, providing sin is given up—no work of importance is neglected, and providing it be offered up in sincerity. This is certain, from many of our Lord's words in commanding it; reproving his disciples for asking so little, and by urging the duty upon them by such gentle motives. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Who can tell how much we are indebted to the prayers of the righteous for our providential blessings and the continuation of our gracious mercies—for our fruitful seasons, and the preservation of our lives—for the averting of God's judgments, and the lengthening out our tranquillity!

But it is private prayer principally that is here intended—which is recommended to others, and which, also, is more proper in its application to sincere professors of religion than other people. Art thou a disciple of Jesus Christ? and wouldst thou be made holy? If so, learn of him, and accept of salva-



The early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale.  
 That dwelt in the bowèr, I observ'd as my bell ;  
 It called me to duty, while birds in the air  
 Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer—  
 As I went to prayer.

How sweet were the zephyrs, perfum'd by the pine,  
 The ivy, the balsam, and the wild eglantine ;  
 But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were  
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—  
 In answer to prayer.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,  
 And blest with his presence my humble retreat ;  
 Oft filled me with raptures and blessedness there,  
 Inditing in Heaven's own language my prayer—  
 Own language my prayer.

Dear bowèr, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,  
 And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
 Well knowing my Saviour resides every where,  
 And can in all places give answer to prayer—  
 Give answer to prayer.

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## No. XI.

*The contrast in scenery in some particulars between the two countries.—In America there is a deal of land uncultivated, and improved land wants still a deal of labor.—The climate being warmer, the surface of the earth bears a more barren appearance.—But, admitting the difference, America is a fine country ; sometimes more pleasant, and an advantageous location as a port, &c.—Liberty and independence give rise to a diversity of works, patterns and inventions not seen in England.—Family grave yards, monumental stones, &c., on private estates, a novelty to foreigners, &c., &c., &c.*

How different the scenery in some parts of the country, and, also, in some particulars, in the city to England ; for although there are many pleasant prospects, and land apparently of the richest quality—although vegetation is more rapid, and the land, in many places, will produce as much or more of the finest grain—although in many places it is ornamented with the neatest enclosures, and interspersed with solitary, yet noble, trees, woods, &c.—although in some of

the New England States and the oldest settled parts, the formation of the earth is grand, and there may be many picturesque landscapes, as extensive plains, fruitful fields, &c., as beautiful in appearance, probably, as the most ingenious artists ever exhibited to the eye of mortals, yet a great part of the country remains a desert wild. Without speaking lightly of this happy country, yet, for want of more mature improvements, there must necessarily be a considerable difference. In England there are not only the richest pasture fields, &c., but oxen, sheep, and all kinds of cattle, as it were, in every direction. The fields are divided with living fences, and the country diversified by woods, plantations, copses, parks, &c. There is the old enclosure, the rich swarded field, and the fruitful meadow. The country in general has been drained, and the swamps and marshy places converted into fruitful spots for pasturage or for some useful grain. The rotten timber and stumps have disappeared that their places are not found, and, in a certain sense, there is not a vestige of them left. The climate being more temperate, and the earth frequently shaded with intervening clouds, and watered sometimes by successive showers of rain, there is an appearance sometimes of greater fruitfulness—vegetation apparently brings forth more luxuriously—the well cultivated garden is filled more nearer to the brim—leaves, at midsummer, expand themselves so extensively as to make some places like a shady bower, and the whole country a scene of fruitfulness.

“The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales  
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
 In all the colors of the flushing year,  
 By nature's swift and secret working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance.”

But in this new, and, in many respects, this fruitful country, the labor and scenery are different. There is still a deal of land (apparently as wild as if it had laid from the creation) to be cleared, and different kinds of labor to be performed. There is much wood to be cut down, thousands of stumps want removing, and many swamps and marshy places want draining. In England the farmer has a flock of sheep, divided and spread abroad in every direction, which wants the shepherd's attention, morning, noon and night; but in

York State and Ohio, in many places, there are no such cattle, and but comparatively few any where. Hence the farmer as a shepherd is not wanted. He is employed in clearing and managing by his own labor what is already in a state of cultivation. In one place we see the wood in its original state, or as it has been, probably, for five hundred years—the under brush and rotten timber promiscuously mixed together upon the earth; some of the largest trees fallen and beaten down, others have so blocked up the path of the traveller that he cannot make a strait passage in his course. In another place there are trees, as it were, twice dead, with their extremities decayed, which make an appearance of desolation not seen in England. The fields are divided by the rail zigzag instead of the growing fence, and perpetuated for several hundred miles together. The country being in this infantine state, it need not be expected that there is the same old swarded land in general, and the same improvement in breeding cattle as in England; and yet the improvements are such that they could never have been made in so short a time but by an industrious and persevering people.

The climate being considerably warmer, the earth in general, perhaps, bears a more barren appearance than in England; nevertheless, in cool, showery weather in spring (as it were in 1836, '7 and '8) there is a beautiful prospect of great fruitfulness. The apple trees, in full bloom, are apparently as white as if laden with snow in the depths of winter. The land yields its increase; and I have been inclined to think (though I might have been mistaken) that in general, with the same cultivation, it would produce more wheat per acre than land in England.

But admitting the difference there may be drawn between the two nations, America is a fine country. Where shall we find a more advantageous location than New-York for travelling from port to port, and transporting ourselves hundreds of miles in so short a time in every direction? Here is not only a nation, or an island, but a vast territory—a continent equal to many of them. Where shall we find such a vast expanse, such a wide spread tract on the earth besides? Here are, probably, a dozen steamboats steering daily different ways, and rail roads, which, conjointly, will convey a person, in a very short time, a thousand miles into the interior of the country! By these means we may pass from port to port in New Haven and Hartford, in Connecticut, or we may steer from village to village in Long Island; we may pass to New Jersey, or may take the North River, and in a short time transport ourselves to Buffalo and the western

territories. And in what part of the world may we see such rivers and lakes, such gulphs and chasms, such rocks and precipices, such cataracts, waterfalls and inland seas?

America being a free country, and made so more especially to the people through the circumstances they are under;—having in general an estate of their own, and all men at present being able to find employment, labor, &c. are circumstances which lead to encouragement; and a diversity of works, inventions, patterns, and ways not seen in England: and it is not to be wondered at, if they are sometimes as novel as they are numerous. Hence we sometimes see a farmer's house with its porch and portico—its columns or its colonade; neatly clap-boarded, and painted white; unsullied as it were by a spot, and as beautiful according to its size as the nobleman's mansion in England. A person would suppose that the owner of it was independent of labor, but his apparel and linen look as if he had been plowing up the fallow; his countenance and skin, as if he had been exposed to the morning and noon-day sun. Hence an acquaintance with him soon shows his industry, points out his occupation, and demonstrates that he is a man of labor instead of sumptuousness, uselessness, and effeminacy. The family, we will suppose, are clothed, not in purple and fine linen, but in a woollen dress of their own manufacturing; the wife weaves her own cloth, and they are all as plain as the industrious poor in a cottage in England. In one place there is the plain, humble log house, without an ornament, (comparatively speaking) or an upper chamber; in another, there is one of almost equal obscurity, yet neatly furnished and hung with paper. Here perhaps we see a well-built stone house, but the next probably is erected with unpolished stone from the quarry; the former shows the art of workmanship, the latter displays home industry, as if erected by the owner himself. In some houses the workmanship is good, the symmetry beautiful in appearance, the stones are neatly cut and well laid; but in others, the walls are remarkably rough, and greatly besmeared, as it were, with untempered mortar. In some buildings, indeed, it seems that they intentionally forsook the systematical order of bedding the stones as used formerly, by promiscuously putting them together; stones of any shape or any size, from four, eight, or twelve inches in length or thickness, and by bedding large and small, round and square, or well nigh all sorts and sizes together; which, nevertheless, are not only novel in appearance, but neat, durable, and good work. Sometimes we may see a strong-built house walled with pebbles, the corners or

namented with free stone, and the windows neatly shaded with the Grecian blinds so common in the country. In many particulars, indeed, there is neatness, beauty, and grandeur among common people in America, which we do not see in Great Britain. The fine, figured cloth, with which their apartments are carpeted, the beautiful colored paper their rooms are hung with, the neat and numberless patterns in the quilting and other parts of their furniture, are not exceeded probably by any thing in common life in England. And I have thought (though I might have been mistaken) that there is a variety in the wood grown and used for tables, chairs, drawers, &c. which, when ingeniously carved and polished, cannot be seen every where. But are not many professing christians by far too lavish in the use of these things? Have you a single eye, reader, and desirous of glorifying God in your house and family, and also in your body and spirit, which are his? If so, can you indulge yourself in costly furniture and such foppish apparel? Do not all these things shew the pride, the extravagance, and the corruption, instead of the purity of your heart? Are such things the fruits of apostolic purity, or of a world-renouncing and self-denying spirit? But to return.

In England, a whole Lordship being the property of one, and under the order of an individual as steward, or whole streets, as sometimes in London, being built by one architect, many things must necessarily in some respects be uniformly the same; but in America, every man, as it were, having his estate, and to a certain degree his independence, will have his way also. Hence it is that there is much diversity about the country in many things; one man will have his house built after this fashion, and another after that; and although some men are as singular as their privileges are numerous, yet there is a great deal of neatness about the farmers and their habitations in America. Uniformity, indeed, in many instances, adds greatly to beauty. Witness some of the streets built probably by one architect within these forty or fifty years last past in London. But there may be beauty in diversity; for although uniformity in every house down a street, when neatly erected, may add to the beauty of the whole, yet churches, chapels, meeting houses, court houses, &c. generally stand alone. And here I have frequently observed the novelty and diversity in many things about these places in America. One place has its tower or spire, its cone or cupola, while some others are plain buildings, without spire or any ornament at all. But it is disgusting to see the grandeur, the foppery and dandyism, some people at-

tempt to bring into a few places of worship, inasmuch as plainness and holiness become God's house for ever.

In passing solitarily along the country, I was agreeably surprised to see a little family grave yard, with their monumental or grave stones on this, on that, or another man's estate. This is what I never saw in England, and seemed like the ancient patriarchal manner of interment, as when Jacob buried Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, under an oak; and also Rachael, in his way to Bethlehem; without regard to modern ceremonies or consecrated places. Ceremonies and good order indeed become rational creatures so long as an improper stress is not laid upon them. A grave yard! A monument! A private place of interment—a part of the family sleeping in the dust! What, in the church or the common grave yard? No, it was within a little private enclosure in the orchard—the field or garden: sometimes one and sometimes the other. This brought to my mind an idea of American liberty, and led me to reflect on the strong attachments we may conceive to traditions, forms, and ceremonies, yet altogether unessential to eternal happiness. “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Here such rest eternally from their labors, and their works as a sweet smelling savor follow them. O, happy souls that so rest! The labors of mortal life have passed away, and the sweat of the sorrowed brow runs down no more. When located at New Haven, I walked into that extensive and populous grave yard, and took down the following inscription, which I here insert for the perusal of the reader:

IN  
 MEMORY  
 OF  
 L U C R E T I A ———,  
 WIFE OF ———,  
*Aged 25 years.*

She combined in her character and person  
 A rare assemblage of excellencies ;  
 Beautiful in form, features, and expression,  
 Peculiarly bland in her manners,  
 Highly cultivated in mind,  
 She irresistibly drew attention, love,  
 And respect :  
 Dignified, without haughtiness,  
 Amiable, without tameness,  
 Firm, without severity,  
 And cheerful, without levity,  
 Her uniform sweetness of temper  
 Spread perpetual sunshine around  
 Every circle in which  
 She moved.

“When the ear heard her, it blessed her ;  
 When the eye saw her, it gave  
 Witness to her.”

In sufferings the most keen  
 Her serenity of mind never failed her :  
 Death to her had no terrors ;  
 The grave no gloom.  
 Though suddenly called from earth,  
 Eternity was no stranger to her thoughts,  
 But a welcome theme of  
 Contemplation.  
 Religion was the sun  
 That illumined every varied virtue,  
 And united all in one  
 Bow of beauty.  
 Hers was the religion of the gospel ;  
 Jesus Christ her foundation,  
 The author and finisher of her faith :  
 In him she rests in sure  
 Expectation of a glorious  
 Resurrection.

ANOTHER EPITAPH.

Not one short year ago,  
 Sweet sister, thou wast here,  
 And arm in arm we stood,  
 While fell the silent tear.  
 Now art thou gently laid to rest,  
 Sweet spirit, on thy Saviour's breast.

O, my soul, stand still and review the scene! Reflect upon the thousands that have been deposited in this single burying ground, and the millions that have lived and died since the world began. What pangs and groans have been felt and uttered in the deadly conflict! What sighs and tears have been heard and seen among bereaved survivors! Death rushes forward and sometimes takes away the person on whom the family is dependent. And how impartial, how general and universal at length are his claims! He spares none. Admitting that the inhabitants of the earth are nearly a thousand millions, and that in twenty-seven years that number dies, what a vast concourse of people when the countless millions shall be assembled together! Look forward for only five hundred years, and behold not only thy own and the funeral of all thy friends, but generations will have passed away, and their memorials well-nigh will have perished with them. In so doing, O, my soul, fly to Jesus, thy only refuge, that merciful, that Almighty Saviour who can draw the deadly sting, and transform the ghastly monster into a messenger of peace.

Here, then, are a diversity of objects and various degrees of scenery! Here are habitations grand and beautiful, and others though comfortable, yet plain and obscure in the lowest degree. And here is room and labor to engage the attention and strength of millions, and some employments probably to suit the smallest capacity in Europe. Are you destitute of labor, reader? There is enough in America to engage your attention had you the strength of a thousand men. Do you want a house and home for yourself and family? Here are comfortable and eligible habitations beyond my calculation in this country, providing you can make a purchase. Do you want one that is spacious, grand, or costly? There are many both in the city, the village, and the country; some framed and neatly painted—others of brick or stone, with the strength of a little castle, and all as neat probably as any of the sort in England. There are houses, as it were, of all sorts, from a beautiful carved and painted one to the log cabin, and from the strong built brick or stone one to the slight and temporary shantee. There are also situations not found in England, for you may have an habitation by the side of the lonesome wood, or on the edge of an extensive lake—an expanse of waters which, in the clearest day, you cannot behold an opposite shore. You may pitch your tent on an elevation of a mountainous height, where in prospect you can command the neighboring country for a considerable distance before you, or

you may settle on the flats below, where your sight will be obstructed by the towering hill, that you will have but little to gaze upon without turning your eyes inwardly—and where a foreign invader would scarcely find your quiet retreat. But,

“ If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads  
By living waters and through flow'ry meads,  
When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,  
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,  
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,  
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware !”

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N O. X I I.

*Difference in many instances only accounted for by considering the distinguishing hand of providence which made men and nations to differ, &c.—The climate being different, the land, labor, &c. is so also.—It being more warm, causes a rapid growth and an early harvest.*

The farmer, with his implements of husbandry, and his labor and manner of working, in many respects, are different to people of the same occupation in England; and there are many things to critical observers which can only be accounted for by contemplating the diversity and harmony made by that all-creating hand which hath made men and nations to differ; the order of his all-wise providence over different nations and individuals; a distant climate, together with the nature, manners, and customs occasioned by such circumstances. How mysterious, that every creature of the same species should so much resemble and yet be somewhat different to all others; that every beast and every fowl of the air has some distinguishing feature upon it; that every man should differ in countenance, weight, or stature, from all others, and that nations and kingdoms, made by the same creating hand, as well as birds and beasts, must necessarily have their distinguishing features also. Yet, so it is; and hence, though the English and Americans are of the same origin, and may be considered one and the same people, yet they differ from each other. Here is a difference in general, in person, feature, color—in a tone of language and their manner of living. There are indeed some traits in the characters and some differ-

ence in the tempers of the Americans which I like in preference to others, though there are some customs which are unpleasant to me. It is true, I cannot particularize in many things which I have noticed, partly from want of recollection, and partly from want of genius on so critical a subject; but, more especially, from my inability to comprehend

The smallest work of an Almighty hand.

But without launching out into deep waters which I cannot fathom, or meddling with things that are too high for me, I must keep only to what is plain to myself and easy of digestion to the reader. I have observed that implements of husbandry and the labor of the farmer are different. The climate being considerably warmer than in England, the soil on the low lands is not so stiff as the cold land in that country; and hence, while the farmer is obliged to tear up the stubborn soil with four stout horses, linked together in a single line, a pair abreast in general is sufficient here, or a yoke of oxen. When contemplating the heat of the weather and the rapid progress of vegetation, I have had my fears on the approach of harvest, lest the farmer should be in arrears with his work, seeing his grass for fodder and wheat harvest come in and want cutting together. But in a few days or a fortnight, they have well nigh gathered in both one and the other. This shows the rapidity and dispatch of American labor. A man and a boy, I suppose, in the autumn, will prepare the land and get in thirty or forty acres of wheat, and the same hands are obliged probably to do the greatest part of the labor towards getting it in, in harvest. But the case is far different here to what it is in England. The grass in this country, in general, is cut down probably with far less labor; they carry a deal of it the next day without any more making; the wheat is cradled, by which method one man will cut down as much in one day as several men can reap; the small quantity of barley and beans sown here, which require a deal of labor in England; the looseness and depth of American soil, which make the land easy in cultivation; their having but little trouble with their flocks, &c., which make circumstances different here to what they have there, and otherwise than what they will be here probably, when they have brought the country into the same state of cultivation.

The weather in summer is much warmer than in England, and so hot sometimes in July, August, and September, that it is as much as an Englishman just arrived can well bear.

This occasions a rapid growth in summer, and brings the harvest forward, in general, a month sooner perhaps than in Great Britain. In Ohio, in January, 1833, (if I am not mistaken) it was as warm and pleasant some part of the time, as it is in May in England. A person could not labor without taking off his clothes as in the months of summer. If a fall of snow came down, it wasted and imperceptibly went away; and during a great part of the winter, even when the earth is covered with snow (the air being more pure and less accustomed to chilling fogs) it is many times pleasant, and the inhabitants seem less affected with coughs and colds by far than in England. But in winter, when it is cold and freezes sharp, it is severe indeed. Hence in one night it will freeze a thicker ice. The feet of men, fowls, or cattle, in some instances, have been greatly injured, and have been obliged to be taken off. I saw a man near Rochester, whom I understood lost his feet or legs by the frost; and Mrs. Ralcliff's brother, (an Englishman) as I was informed, had his toes so frozen as to be obliged to have them off also. In summer it is much warmer, and in winter it is frequently much colder; insomuch that rivers, wider than the Thames in London, are frozen over, and people drive their loaded wagons and sleighs over them as on the solid ground without fear.

LE ROY, September 17, 1837.

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NO. XIII.

*Notwithstanding the difference in the climate, produce in some instances exceeds that of Great Britain—As a proof of this assertion, the testimony of a weekly paper is given, a verbal testimony from a farmer, and a quotation from a recent publication—The abundance in orchards, rapid progress in the growth of trees, &c.—Reflections.*

Notwithstanding the extremes of heat and cold, and the difference there is in the climate when compared with Great Britain, yet the produce of land in some instances exceeds what I ever heard of in that country. To demonstrate the truth of this assertion, I shall give an extract in the first place of what I took out of a newspaper published in New York, sometime after my arrival in Ohio. It is as follows:

“The Onondaga Standard asks,” says that paper, “what the farmers down east will say, when we inform them that we can name individuals in this county who have harvested the present season 1500, 1800, and in one instance, 3000

bushels of wheat? If our friends of Onondaga make these matters the subject of such exultation, we may ask, (and we do it with no disposition to undervalue the blessings of our neighbors) what must the farmers down east say, when we tell them we can name persons in Livingston county, who have harvested the present season more than 7000 bushels each; aye, and in one instance, more than 4000 bushels have been cut from one hundred acres of land, which, without the intermission of a single year in twenty-five, have been its crop. The county of Livingston contains twelve towns, which will this year market her million bushels of wheat."

*December 27, 1833.*

In addition to the foregoing account, I give the following, taken from the verbal testimony of an American farmer, whom I rode with some distance, near Nine-mile-creek, in the state of New York. He appeared like a candid, sober-minded person; and he spake of one or more Englishmen, whom as farmers he seemed to have an high opinion of. He mentioned, to the best of my recollection, an Englishman who said (though I hope the reader will excuse the vanity of such an expression) that the farmers (probably of that neighborhood) did not know how to raise a crop of wheat, and that he would show them. This expression, however, he might utter in jest, without a sufficient regard either to sincerity or truth. Be this as it may; after preparing his land, he sowed about seven bushels on an acre. The people told him that it would be too much, to which he replied he could make it less, but that if it was too thin, he could not make it thicker; and hence, to prevent its being too prolific in the spring, or too thick to ripen in the summer, he harrowed out as much as he thought proper. His intention, probably, in sowing that quantity, was, that he might have enough on the ground, let the winter come as it might: and, by the blessing of providence, he had a large produce; for, although his seed brought forth neither sixty or a hundred fold, yet according to this man's account, he had about sixty bushels to the acre.

A recent publication makes mention of a field of wheat, in Michigan, of eighteen hundred acres, belonging to Mr. Jesse Smith, and adds: "If this crop is equal to the average this season, it will yield at least thirty bushels per acre, and equal to 54,000 bushels. Suppose the value to be one dollar per bushel, \$54,000; deduct, then, one-fourth for preparing the ground, seed, harvesting, thrashing, &c., leaves a net gain of forty-one thousand five hundred dollars."

The fruitfulness of the country may be further seen by observing the abundance in orchards, and the rapid progress of vegetation in the length and thickness of a year's growth on such and other trees. Apple trees are frequently so loaded that it is with difficulty they sustain their burdens; branches are bent towards the earth as under a burden too heavy to be borne, and their fruit is sometimes left ungathered in the depth of winter. I have seen trees laden with fruit, though naked of leaves, in the time of snow; and some people turn a number of hogs in to eat them on the ground as they fall in autumn. Peaches are grown in such abundance that I think Mr. B——, a common farmer, told me that he had had as many as two hundred and fifty bushels; and some people have as many as two thousand bushels of apples. Hence, we may say, that there is an abundance of summer fruits—as peaches, cherries, grapes, oranges, &c. to satiate the appetite of man, after partaking of bread, the staff of life. The branches of peach trees are often broken down by the abundance of their fruit; and I think I once saw a tree of this sort broken down on all sides like an ass borne down to the earth under his burden. A peach stone, it was said, in Ohio, would spring up and bear fruit the third year; and while a branch will shoot and grow in one year about the length and size of a cane in England, it will become like a small crutch, and proportionably longer, in Ohio. Wheat in the states in general, through its rapid growth and the lightness of the crops, is more free from smut and of a better quality than in England.

Such is the fruitfulness of the country in some particulars, and such is the prosperity of some men, but while the merchant desireth wealth, and the soldier to win the battle, good instructions and a pure conscience are more desirable than gold to the righteous. For “the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith—meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.” Covet, therefore, earnestly, these things. Leave desire, says Kem-pis, and thou shalt find rest. Is your heart set upon and your whole strength laid out to procure this earthly good? If so, let me tell you that riches profit nothing in the day of wrath! How much better to lay up treasure in heaven, where even the nearest friend cannot take it into possession, where thieves cannot steal it from you, but where it will for ever remain your own property—durable property, which passes not from heir to heir. Hath not Christ declared that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God? And do you set

this scripture aside as frivolous or of small importance? But further—permit me to ask where is the wisdom of the avaricious man, who labors to the very last to accumulate for another to enjoy? Some men toil and labor nearly all their days, and as it were lay down their weary bones with scarcely an hour's enjoyment of what they have been striving to grasp for many years! And what perhaps is more surprising still, they sometimes labor to procure riches for the people whom they hate and despise, instead of those whom they esteem and love. The rich man dies childless, and his property falls into the hands of a family who despised him, or an opponent in trade obtains the affections of his daughter or niece, and at length the property of the latter falls into the hands of the former. So true it is that men heap up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

*Byron, September 21, 1837.*

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NO. XIV.

*Worldly prosperity alone cannot give happiness, &c.—Nevertheless, there is some pleasure in travelling, beholding the works of creation, scenery, &c., with a call to reflection.—In retirement, a person can examine himself, confess his sins, and give vent to the emotions of his heart, &c.—Retirement is essential to our happiness, and natural to a believer, &c.—Further reflections.*

How true it is, then, that the prosperity of this world, abstractedly considered, is fleeting; that it cannot give happiness; that it is interwoven and intermixed with vanity and vexation of spirit! Retire, therefore, reader, at least for a season, and let me converse with you in the interval on things of a different nature. Lay aside thy covetous desires, and retire into thyself, by reflecting on subjects of a sublimer character! Come away from the habitations of the rich; withdraw thy affections from the creature—the love of money and mere worldly enjoyments. There is happiness separate from these things; there are riches, lasting riches, which end not with life itself. There is, sometimes, happiness in obscurity, which is more to be desired than the pleasures of the palace or attached to the honors of a court. Yea, we may be deprived of honor that cometh of men; we may have our sight bounded by a stone wall, and our light received

through the wooden lattice; and yet enjoy more peace than the men who have their portion in this life. Suppress, then, thy covetous desires; cease to do evil by thy anxiety, and leave thy honest endeavors to Him who feedeth the ravens, and promiseth, on condition that you seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, that all these things shall be added unto you. Wherefore envy not the rich, nor covet their possessions, but look into the habitations of the humble, and desire the peace that they enjoy. God hath not left the poor destitute, but hath pronounced them blessed; Luke vi. 20. James ii. 20; and it may be that he hath called thee to endure poverty, in order to show you "the true riches." Hence, let me invite your attention to the noblest subjects, by calling you to a moment's reflection. Examine thyself, and take a little cessation from the troubles of life.

It is true, there is some pleasure in travelling abroad and beholding the wonders of creation, and the labors of men; the diversity of scenery in so extensive a part to ramble in; the different ways of travelling, not formerly known in old settled countries, as the rapid train of rail-road cars and the steam vessels; the hosts of line boats and the packets; the landscapes of mountains, and plain rocks and gulphs; the extensive lakes, with the smaller ones not seen in England; the rivers and waterfalls, some of which probably cannot be equalled in any other part of the world besides—to see the fruitfulness of vegetation, and nature in all its beauty; the farmer and the work of the field; the beautiful landscape of rich pasture land and the wide-spread lake; the different kinds of buildings, from the prison-house sufficient to hold hundreds of men, to the humble cottage in the shady grove, or from the residence of the wealthy citizen to the temporary abode among the rocks, by the water side—to see all these things, I say, may afford some gratification to the curious spectator: but there is a pleasure in occasional solitude which we cannot enjoy amidst the bustle of life. Come away then, O my soul, and seek for a place of reflection—a place of retirement, remote from the busy walks of men, where you may have time to enter into thyself and give free scope to thy imagination on things of the most interesting importance.

In that retired situation a person may examine himself, and ask his past hours what report they bore to heaven; and what satisfaction he can take in reviewing the transactions of his former days! There he can confess his sins, weep over his past follies, make resolutions for future amendment, and shed his tears. He can give vent to the painful emo-

tions of a burdened conscience, smite his breast and pray aloud. As a professor, he can consult the oracles of divine truth, converse as it were with the ancient patriarchs, study the will of God, and learn how to find his way to heaven. And there he can wrestle with the God of Jacob, seek for a deeper work of grace, and endeavor to lay faster hold of eternal life. And do you despise solitude, reader? Can you take no pleasure in retirement—see no advantages or blessings that may be derived therefrom? Would you willingly sacrifice the retirement of the closet for perpetual company, and prefer the dissipation and spirit of the world to a serious mind and a retired situation? Do you forget that you must die alone, or that no one can accompany you through the valley and shadow of death, and that reflection is necessary to prepare and fortify you for so awful an event? Supposing you are called to transact business in the city, yet how necessary is occasional retirement!—a few minutes twice or thrice a day—a longer time at some more distant period! Are you a professing character? If so, can you keep your soul alive without it? Public means are good, but private devotion is of vast importance. Wherefore, “when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” Matt. vi. 6. It is in retirement that we obtain grace to qualify us to go abroad; and no man, says Kempis, is prepared to go abroad but he who is willing to stay at home. There we can arm ourselves against the temptations of the world, the allurements of the flesh, and the assaults of the devil. And there we may enjoy a peace which the world knoweth not of, find an intercourse with heaven, and hold communion with the Father of the spirits of all flesh.

Retirement, to professing christians, is an important duty and as such it is essential to their present and future happiness. It is by retirement and prayer, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, that the spiritual life is sustained; and hence, to live without it, the soul must necessarily be starved, and religion in process of time will die away. But it is not improper to say that retirement is a natural consequence of having religion implanted within us. As soon as a child is born into the world, it feels its wants and stands in need of support; and the new-born soul, in like manner, wants the sincere milk of the word in the same proportion; the Spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world are opposed to each other, and cannot live together; and hence it is natural, as occasion may require, to want hours of retirement. But this

is not absolutely and finally so compulsive as to set aside the free-agency of man. In like manner have all devoted christians occasionally withdrawn themselves from the men of this world. Thus Enoch walked not in fellowship with them; Abraham retired to a distant place to sacrifice; our Lord went into a solitary place, and there prayed; and St. John was in the Isle of Patmos when he received and wrote the revelations. Hence it is in retirement, and by withdrawing from the world, that we are made capable of the most intimate intercourse with heaven.

Away, then, reader, and retire for a moment from these earthly scenes! Retire, O my soul, from the mere beauties of nature, and let not the fruitful fields, the cloud capt-towers, nor the extensive lake, carry thee away so far as to cause thee to forget objects more worthy thy pursuit. Let not travelling by land or by water, or company, however agreeable, attract thy mind and alienate thy affections from Him who is the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Suffer not a desire to follow the men of this world in their speculations, however flattering the prospect of gaining much wealth or living for many years upon the earth; nor yet let satan overcome thy determination to devote thyself to what is of infinite importance, though he should show thee the empires of the earth and exclaim, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me"—let not all these things, I say, hinder thee from pursuing a nobler object in striving to find the narrow path of true wisdom, the humble path of the most devout and holy characters, and the straight and sanctified path which leads the poor and needy to the society of angels and their eternal reward.

O, Jesus! thou light and life of men, look upon me, an abject creature, and empower me to forsake the love of this present world, to live to thee and thee alone. Regard my wants, and supply them out of thy fulness, and let my happiness consist in holding communion with thyself. Thy presence constitutes the bliss of angels: in thy favor there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Give me to know thee, to love thee, and to delight myself in thee as my chief good. Didst thou not come to seek and to save that which was lost? to restore the ruined? to extend mercy to the poorest, the most abject and destitute? Dost not thou bind up the broken hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captive? Is not thy grace free and unbounded to reach the case of the stranger, the widow and fatherless, and those who have none to help them? Does not wretchedness challenge thy compassion, and move thee

to pity and administer comfort? Why hidest thou thy face in time of trouble? There is nothing too hard for thee, "thou sovereign Lord of all." Thou canst compel even me, a reluctant creature, to obey thy voice. Speak, Lord, and let thy servant hear thy word—let the whispers of thy grace for the future remove my deafness, thy touch chase away my foul leprosy, and thy purity consume my desperate pollution. In midnight darkness let me have thy smile, that sadness and melancholy may flee away; and grant me thy benediction and favor in the morning, that my soul may live. O, thou Saviour of men, who canst visit and redress the wants of millions at one and the same time, visit me in this solitary apartment, and thy presence shall not only cause darkness to hide itself, but sorrow and sighing also shall flee away.

*Rochester, October 18, 1837.*

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## LETTERS

### TO A FEW FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

*My Dear Friends,—*

Although writing, after a few years' absence, in this manner is attended with some uncertainty, yet a failure in the case is but of little consequence. If, then, these lines find you situated as seven or ten years ago, may grace and peace be multiplied unto you through Christ Jesus; and here let me ask the favor of—an interest in your prayers. You will, however, be surprised, probably, at receiving a letter from so distant a person, and from (shall I say?) so wild a country; a country but lightly esteemed by many people in England, but which our American friends frequently speak of as the glory of all lands. Indeed, it is not too much to say, (and it becomes the most happy people to speak modestly) that there are many gracious and providential blessings here, inasmuch as it belongs to Him who claims as his right not only the earth but the heavens—who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and who at first laid the foundation of the earth; by whose authority kings have reigned and princes decreed justice in Europe, and who, while he claims the largest

empires as his property, recognizes even America also as a part of his footstool. It may also be further said, that there are many people of large fortunes from Great Britain, who either were people of good property when they came over, or have become rich since their arrival; that thousands of others have had cause to be thankful that there was such a country as America to come to, and that most people of health, industry, economy, a tolerable genius, and good calculations, can generally, with the blessing of God, obtain the comforts of life, and in the long run, give something to their children. The sun shines as warmly in America as in England, and the earth hitherto has brought forth her increase; and our American friends seem to rejoice, not only that they are under the same kind providence which affords them all things richly to enjoy, but that the same Almighty Being "at whose command nations and empires rise and fall," in all ages—that He, I would say, has given them a more happy constitution than other nations, and established it upon as sure a base—whether this is so or not I cannot tell.

But whatever advantage it has been to some people, or disadvantage to others, to emigrate to America, it has not been a practice with me to persuade or dissuade any from coming over. By no means. I saw a difficulty in saying much upon the subject from the beginning, and I still see it. For, considering the impossibility of giving people in England a clear conception of the country; the different tastes, opinions, constitutions, and circumstances of men; a distant climate, and the manners and customs of a foreign people; the location and circumstances some, for want of experience, unfortunately dropt into; the ingratitude of others who will find fault with many things, even when they are well off, if they could but think so; and taking into consideration attachments formed in youth, or great expectations occasioned by injudicious accounts sent from America, make many dissatisfied upon trial, and wish themselves back. For my part, I have seen traits in the character of the Americans which I much esteem, and am sensible of advantages to many people unprovided for not found in Europe.

But it is not my intention to give any minute or particular account of the country, it being rather an act of friendship to a friendly people: a kinder people I never said that I either found or wanted to find on earth. Hence I should hope that these lines will find you in health, and enjoying both peace and prosperity; that religion is in a prosperous state among you, and that as individuals and fathers in Christ Jesus, you are growing in grace and the love of God—striving for such

a steady and uniform progress in a devoted life as will make the hoary head venerable in the sight of children, and sink with honor to the grave. I would hope, further, that the principal supporters of the religious cause among you have been prospered and held up to the present time, and beg leave to say, that in years past they exerted themselves to establish and support it with that attention and fidelity that was an honor to them. But I forbear. Since I have been in this city, I have attended the first and oldest Methodist chapel in New York; and I like it more especially on some accounts, because it is in an old style not known in England, nor in many other chapels in America. Two of its peculiarities I shall mention, are: First, the seats are all free, to the stranger as well as to the citizen, and to the poor as well as the rich; and therefore the latter must not say, "Stand by, or sit ye here under my footstool," &c. Secondly, the singing is led by a few male and female voices, which, when well conducted in any place, make an harmony not equalled by any choir with instrumental music upon earth.

The principal objections, perhaps, many Englishmen have to America, arise: First, from the country being not natural to them; and it takes considerable time for it to become so, either as to the climate or the customs of the people. Secondly, many are obliged to find out some new occupation, or they cannot follow that which they have as they used to do. Had it not been for writing, I should have been under far greater difficulties; but, by the blessing of God, at length I wrote and published three new publications, and sold them, which I could not have done in England. This gave me access to hundreds of families, and has shown me the spirit and manners of a people as plain as the woodman in the forest or the husbandman in the field; who, in many instances, seemed to live in "cottages of contentment," not only sweet and clean in the highest degree, but whose habitations abounded with riches and the comforts of life as accommodating to a stranger as palaces could be. I have, however, for want of that regular way of living necessary for me, so broken myself down that I know not whether I can leave this city or neighborhood any more.

But, is any apology necessary for writing to you at this period in this unexpected manner? If so, I hope you will accept of a mariner's apology, who unfortunately put to sea in a stormy day, and could not get to land till the storm was over. But, blessed be God, that the earth, the sea, nor the beasts of the forests, have as yet swallowed me up, nor done me any injury.

In conclusion, I commend myself to your prayers, with my best wishes for your present and future happiness; returning also my thanks for favors received, and hoping that you will bear with any thing I have written.

I shall be glad to hear from you, if agreeable and convenient, and present my respects to Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*, Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*, and Mrs. \*\*\*\*\*, if still living.

Wishing peace and prosperity to all christian friends in the same neighborhood, I hasten to subscribe myself,

Yours, affectionately, &c.,

New York, April 29, 1839.

JOHN EYRE.

LETTER II.—TO MRS. G—

On the Power of Faith and Prayer.

*Madam.*—

Having read the lives of some eminently pious men, and observed with admiration the effects of their faith and prayer, permit me to give you the following, which I copied from a periodical publication, many years ago. It is as follows:

“Not long after Mr. Winter’s coming into Ireland, he went to Kilkenny, in which place Colonel Jones’s wife became exceedingly ill: her husband invited certain ministers and other friends to spend some hours in prayer unto God in her behalf, and Mr. Winter was the last man that prayed. But before he began, he went to her and asked her whether she had faith to be healed? She answered, she thought she had. Then he went to prayer, and wrestled exceedingly with God for her recovery; and when he had done, he went again to her, and advised her to be very careful in the use of all good means for the recovery of her health, adding that she should live and not die at that time. After this, she continued very weak for a month or more; her doctors gave her up; Mr. Winter was sent for to see her before she died. She lay speechless, and without the use of her senses, not answering, nor moving her eyes, though her husband and Mr. Winter called unto her; whereupon her husband judged she had lost her hearing. Mr. Winter requested that he might pray with her; but her husband refused, saying that she was senseless, and had been dying all the morning: Mr. Winter urged again that he might pray with her; no (said the Colonel) it is to no purpose; she is now a dead woman: yet Mr. Winter urged the third time that he might pray, saying her life is yet

in her ; and whilst there is life there is hope ; and he went to prayer, which he performed with much earnestness and importunity, joined with many tears. When prayer was ended, Mr. Winter going to her bedside, she looked upon him, and said : Oh, see the fruit of prayer ! Oh, see the fruit of prayer ! Set me up, and give me something to eat : I am cured, but not by the art of doctors ; only free grace and fervent prayers have prevailed with God for me. They then gave her some food, which she ate. Her husband sent for her doctors ; but she bade them not provide any more physic for her, saying that she would take none ; for she would not dishonor God nor wrong prayer so much (by which she was now cured) as to take any more physic : nor would she by any means be persuaded to it ; “the prayer of faith shall save the sick.”

Whilst Mr. Winter was in Dublin, Mrs. Winter’s sister’s husband being upon business in London, he fell very dangerously sick, and his physicians after a time gave him up. Another of Mrs. Winter’s sisters wrote her word of it, adding that she believed that before that letter could come to hand he would be dead and buried. As soon as they received it, his wife desired that that afternoon might be set apart to seek God in her husband’s behalf ; and accordingly, some ministers and christians were invited to meet together for that end. When the time was come, Mrs. Winter requested her husband to come away, for that the company were met together : he bade her go before ; for he must endeavor to know of the Lord whether he was yet living or not ; for (said he) do you think that I will pray for a dead man ? When some of the ministers had prayed, Dr. Winter came in. They prayed with submission, that if he were yet in the land of the living, the Lord would be pleased to be his physician, and to direct and bless all good means to him for the recovery of his health. But in the close of the day, when Dr. Winter came to pray, he showed much confidence that he was yet alive, to the amazement of all that heard him ; and when he had concluded and was risen from his knees, he went to his sister-in-law, and took her by the hand, saying, ‘ Be of good comfort, for your husband is alive and shall recover, and you shall see him again with joy.’ She said, Ah ! brother, I fear he is dead : do you think he is alive ? ‘ I know (said he) that he is alive,’ and repeated over his former words again ; and accordingly, in their next letters, they heard of his recovery. ‘ All things are possible to him that believeth.’ ”

The last time that the soldiers pulled the Parliament in pieces, Dr. Winter and his friends in Dublin were in great

fears of the confusions that were likely to follow; whereupon he kept weekly fasts with his congregation for a great while together; and one time, as he was praying in imitation of Abraham's praying for Sodom, he used like expressions: Lord, wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure there be fifty thousand righteous within these three kingdoms; wilt thou also destroy and not spare these nations for fifty thousand righteous that are therein? And when he came to the last number of ten thousand, as he kneeled against a post in the room, he saw a great shining light about him, and heard perfectly a voice saying, 'The nations shall be spared for ten thousand righteous persons' sake.' Upon this gracious answer, he turned his prayer into praises and thanksgivings unto God for this speedy return to his earnest request, insomuch that all the company could not but take notice of it, though none of them heard the voice but himself only. Dr. Winter afterwards told his wife that a voice might be spoken to one in a room where many were, and yet none else might hear it. And when he lay upon his death-bed, his wife asked him again about it; and he said that he did as certainly and plainly hear it as he heard her then speak. She asked if the voice were like unto hers? No, (said he) it was another manner of voice. 'Thus we read, Acts xxii. 9: 'That the men which went with Saul to Damascus, saw indeed the light, and were afraid, but heard not the voice that spake to him.'"

Yours, &c.,

J. E.

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LETTER III.

*New York, April 26, 1839.*

DEAR SIR,—

How true it is that all men have their trials, and that there is no place or situation secure from temptation on earth. Hence, one is tried with poverty, another is unfortunate, a third loses his family, and a fourth has perpetual affliction. But there are some troubles which are quite out of our power, either to cause or control, and some others which we may cause or bring upon ourselves.

Earthquakes, as shocking and destructive as they are, yet they are not in the power of man to cause them—prevent or escape them: and shipwrecks will sometimes happen, notwithstanding the skill and attention of the mariner. Fires are

sometimes as destructive to property, distressing to families, and equally fatal to some individuals; but these may be brought into the city by carelessness or wicked men, while others by their prudence prevent them. Lodged in the uppermost rooms in houses, people are sometimes unwarily surrounded with flames, and obliged so to hurry out at the windows as to break their bones, probably, or kill themselves on the spot. Hence, it is on this and other accounts a grievous thing to think of, that there are so many fires in the country. Alas! what a number happened in the city in the space of a few weeks before I left you, and the innumerable multitude within a few years in the country. What millions of dollars in property have been lost by these shocking disasters within these ten years last past.\*

In addition to the number I witnessed before I left you, I was surprised to hear of the more terrible one so soon after, and that its calamitous effects among so many others, in some measure fell on you also. It was said that fifty families were distressed by this raging fire! I should hope, however, that you will bear all things with patience, and that finally they will work for good to all.

But, permit me to ask, what can be the cause of all these calamitous events? Are they remediless? Are any of them occasioned purposely or carelessly? Or are they the effects of using stoves, burning wood, &c.? I might estimate them at five or ten times as many, according to the population, as when I was in London upwards of twenty years ago. When I was in Connecticut, there were some hints or city rules printed, as I should suppose, by the corporation at ——, to caution people, in order to prevent such evils—have these or any other been printed, studied, and strictly observed in your city? If not, will no one take this worthy work of the philanthropist into consideration, and see if these evils cannot be prevented?

I am glad that you take an active part among the firemen, and am ready to give you thanks for your services and dexterity; but there were some things before I left which I could neither admire nor understand. Sometimes there was a false alarm given, and people would soon convey it through the city. When such an alarm was given, many people perhaps took a pleasure in hallooing like madmen, though it might be

\* The tablet on Pearl Street House, in New York, states that in the conflagration on the 16th and 17th of December, 1835, six hundred and fifty buildings containing merchandise, were consumed in one night.—Loss, twenty millions of dollars.

as noisome to the afflicted as it was presumptuous and foolish in themselves. On such an occasion, a person at the boarding house observed that the men were out with their engine in an instant of time. But if this was the fact, who could first give rise to the alarm but themselves? And if they are vain enough to do this, is there no danger of their being foolish enough to set the city on fire on purpose to quench it? A little time previous to my leaving the city, there was a large flag hoisted as a memorial to the merits of number nine, and this was raised above the buildings, with the figure large enough to attract the notice of all passing by, though at a considerable distance. At the engine house there was a sort of printed board, or placard, exhibited with a boasting eulogizing inscription in commendation of this number. But if people make their boast on such a serious occasion as this, and a fire unfortunately breaks out which they cannot control, as above mentioned, such an event should be remembered by them as a chastisement of their folly, and may justly be recorded to their dishonor rather than their glory! Farewell. Let us henceforth pray that we may be protected from such evils, and that no plague may come near our dwellings.

Yours, affectionately,

J. E.

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LETTER IV.

MADAM,—Did you say that religion does not consist in *form*, that is, in any outward act of duty? If so, permit me to tell you that I know it does not, exclusively; and yet *form*, as you call it, is so great a part of religion, that it cannot exist without it. To reject the form, therefore, is to reject and cast off religion. Does it not consist in fearing God and working righteousness, or in loving God and serving him? And has not God instituted means for that purpose? If so, how will you serve God without those means, or work righteousness without any form or outward appearance of it? The poor leper who was cleansed, returned and with a loud voice gave glory to God, and by so doing his faith and love were accepted, established, and perfected. But was there no form in this? Well, if acknowledgment was right and necessary in this particular, it is so in every thing else. Our Lord says, "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. x. 32, 33. Now,

without a form, a person cannot confess Christ in any sense whatever. Hence, I take it for granted that religion cannot exist without a *form*, and that the *form*—the outward signs, ceremonies, &c., with the spirit that actuates them, when united together, make up the whole compact of religion, and that to take away any one part is to violate the whole.

But what you seemed to contend for was, that religion did not consist, either in whole or in part, in wearing plain apparel, that a person might be as humble in fine clothing as in a plain dress, and that it was an indifferent thing as to what they wore, &c. But this is absolutely wrong; for if religion consists in loving God and keeping his commandments—if the spirit and customs of the world are in direct opposition to the spirit and simplicity of the gospel—if God has denounced against jewels, trinkets, finery, as the soppery of idolaters, and recommended plain apparel by precept and example to his followers—and if he has shown us the opposite of what we should wear by calling it the harlot's attire, then we cannot follow the fashions of the world and be christians any more than we can follow them in other works and be such! *Religion does not consist in a form*, did you say? What do you call going to church, using family devotion, asking a blessing, and returning thanks, when taken in the abstract, but a form? and yet they are so much of religion that we cannot have one without the other. Some people talk as if a person might keep religion to himself, without making any apparent profession whatever, whereas this would be to deny Christ and renounce it. But with regard to dress, as you mentioned it, let us look at it and examine it. God has not overlooked it, and should we pass over it? Hence, let me tell you, that so far as thinking it an indifferent thing, I look upon it as important in its place as any thing else. We say you honor God by repenting, believing, obeying his word, &c., but you dishonor him by impenitence, unbelief, disobedience, &c. Again, you honor God by the fruits of your faith—your seriousness, conversation, plain apparel, &c., but you dishonor him by your lightness, your vain discourse, and your unchristian-like dress. And do you suppose these things wont be evidences either for or against you as well as other words and actions? Hence, I conclude that religion, in part, consists in wearing plain apparel, contrary to your objection, and that the people who abide not by this rule, so far deviate from it or show their deficiency in it: wherefore, let me wish you the whole spirit of Christianity—the purity of heart which loves plain, but

hates vain things—and a modest boldness which dares be singular, and voluntarily steps forward to conform itself to its great pattern in one thing as well as another ; and that you may uniformly confess Christ in your person, your actions, and your general character.

Yours, respectfully,

J. E.

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“Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,  
 Devoted solely to thy will :  
 Here let thy light for ever shine :  
 This house still let thy presence fill :  
 O Source of Life—live, dwell, and move  
 In me, till all my life be love !

“O never in these veils of shame,  
 (Sad fruits of sin,) my glorying be !  
 Clothe with salvation, through thy name,  
 My soul, and let me put on thee.  
 Be living faith my costly dress,  
 And my best robe thy righteousness.

“Send down thy likeness from above,  
 And let this my adorning be :  
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
 With lowliness and purity :  
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
 And brighter than the morning star.

“Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,  
 Since I am call'd by thy great name,  
 In thee let all my thoughts unite,  
 Of all my works be thou the aim :  
 Thy love attend me all my days,  
 And my sole business be thy praise !”



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